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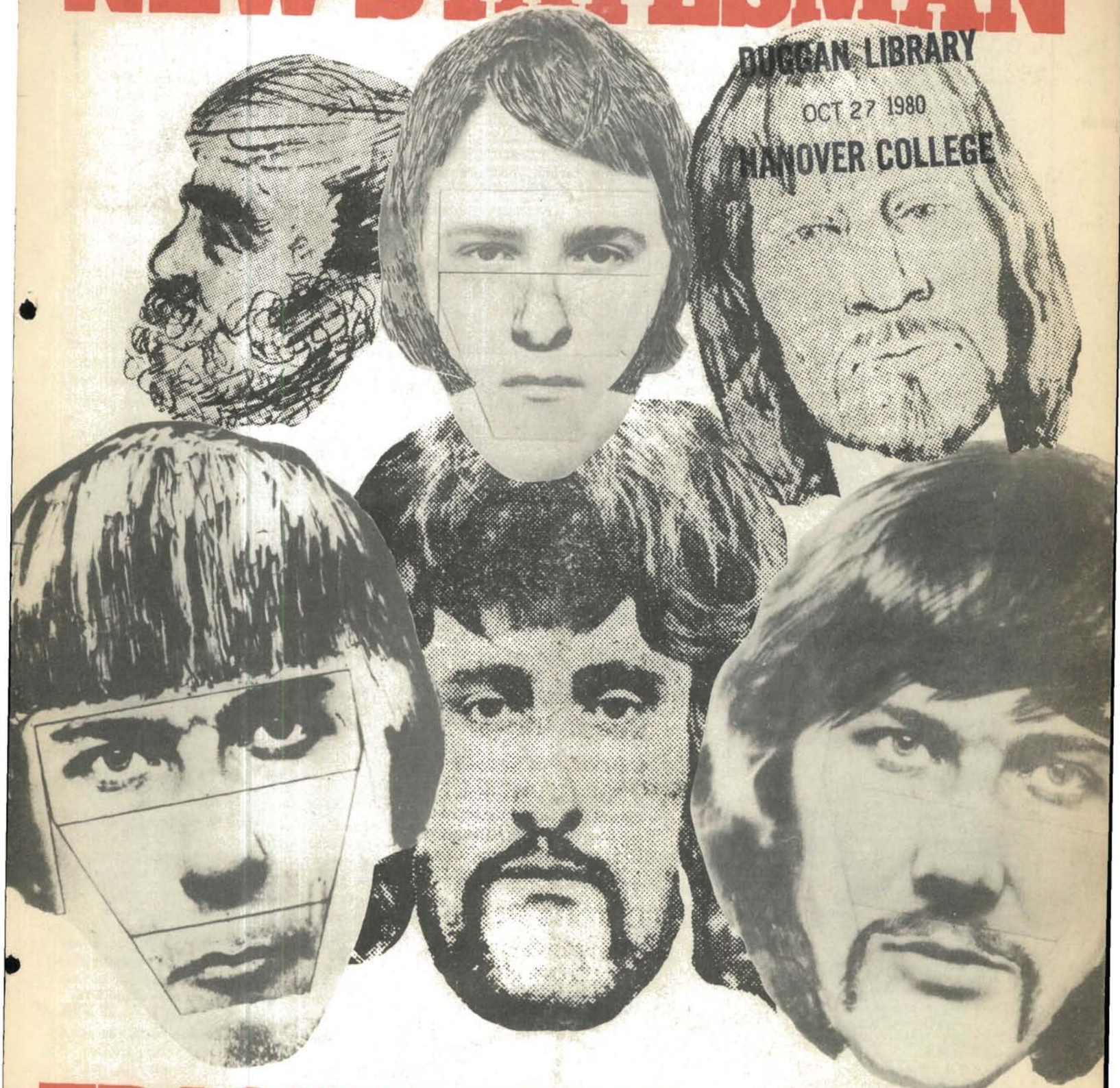

TRACKING THE RIPPER

The clues the police kept secret

China: the challenge to one-party rule
Death to the working class: the politics of health
Conversation with Julius Tomin

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The conquering of ignorance

AS THE POLITICAL season grinds slowly back into motion, ordinary citizens — even, perhaps, professional dwellers in the world of political economy — might be forgiven for a desire to crawl back under the bedclothes, go back on holiday, or just give up any attempt to penetrate the encircling gloom. Ralph Steadman's cartoon illustrates the disposition admirably.

This may seem an absurd, even perverse, moment to argue that things aren't necessarily all that bad. First, because there are parts of the country where unemployment has achieved the status of social catastrophe. Second, because it can make one look uncomfortably like Margaret Thatcher, the pilot who intensifies her fixed grin and rigid grasp of the control-column with every new disclosure that bits of the airframe are coming off. Nonetheless, one can argue sensibly enough not that Britain's problems are trivial ones, but that they can and might resolve themselves into a worrying but not unmanageable syndrome — becoming merely the problems appropriate to a middle-sized industrial country with some natural resources, a badly-decayed (but not inconsiderable) industrial base, and a highly-civilised, if over-conservative population.

The question is whether there is one potentially resolveable master-problem which for the moment turns all these sub-problems into a seamless web of misery — and our argument, very broadly, is that there is. 'Very broadly' is the necessary qualification, because there is no lack of people, politicians and others, peddling one-blow solutions to the ailments of the world. Thatcherite monetarism, indeed, is an exceptionally pure example of the type — and there can be few better items of politico-economic black comedy than this week's spectacle of the Cabinet's flat-earthers confronting the empirical discovery that the slight remission of inflation which now emerges has been accompanied by an *increase* in the money-supply. Logically, this means that by merely continuing as they are, they have committed an involuntary U-turn: the world having turned round without their noticing it.

THE REAL PROBLEM in Britain is not the orneriness of the workers, nor even the incompetence of management (though our own view is that the latter phenomenon is less chimerical than the former). Nor is it even the endurance of capitalism, serious liability though this is. The problem is that you cannot abolish capitalism (or indeed do anything else useful to it) in a country where most tolerably educated people are excluded from any substantial information about how it works, or even where it is located. One understands, for instance, the failure of the last Labour government not when they are (credibly or otherwise) accused of class betrayal or fanaticism, but when a Cabinet minister confesses, as he has done in this office, that he has no idea how the Stock Exchange works — and does so in such a way as to make clear that knowledge of that institutuon has never struck him as being important equipment for a socialist politician.

The ailment, as competent diagnosticians have shown, derives from excessive recent use, in the United Kingdom, of restrictions upon information as a means of imposing social and political control. To be sure, the illness is not unknown elsewhere, but excellent conditions for its development have prevailed in the geographical centralism of the British state, in the absence of any formal constitution to prevent ad hoc seizures of centralist power (in wartime, and other less authentic crises) and in the applications of techniques developed for ruling an empire to the business of 'stabilising' (actually paralysing) an indigenous democracy.

WHAT WE CALL the 'English mind' (though it is actually as much the creation of the Scots, the Welsh and the Irish) has long been characterised by an appetite for fact and empirical detail. Notoriously, this is apt to collapse into the crudest sort of empiricism, which robs its victims of the crucial ability to theorise in novel positions. But in a culturally-healthy situation, the 'English bias' does no harm. We differ, after all, only in terms of slight variations induced by historic experience; and where French or German people might theorise more readily, the activity has to be evoked in us by contingent experience with reality. But the awkward corollary of this is that the 'English mind', deprived of data, simply fails to function usefully at all.

Allowing for 19th century intellectual fashion, see whether an extract from Hippolyte Taine's *Notes sur L'Angleterre* does not strike a chord:

> The Frenchman understands by classification and deduction. The Englishman understands . . . through training his powers of attention and memory, thanks to a lucid and persistent presentation of a quantity of individual facts, through an indefinte accumulation of isolated and juxtaposed documents . . . Whoever has studied their literature and philosophy, from Shakespeare and Bacon until the present day, knows . . . that (this) belongs to the very form of their minds, that it has to do with their way of understanding the truth . . . Such is man's condition: a restricted circle, capable of being enlarged, but . . . inside which a man must know not in order to know, but in order to act.

Taine's account may be bolstered, indeed, by reference to the work of numerous British knowers and actors, but the critical point is to note that he describes not necessarily a superior or inferior type of mental action: merely one which will not function in the absence of information. One should then ask oneself whether many figures in present-day public life are conspicuous for training their attention and memory through lucid and persistent presentation of a quantity of facts.

The answer may seem depressing, but isn't necessarily so. If Taine was right, the genetic composition of the British people cannot have so altered in the last century as to have eliminated the gift, any more than one finds that those who have dictatorship imposed on them forget how to vote. It follows, indeed, that restitution of the native intellectual temper — though perhaps hard to initiate — might proceed with extreme rapidity once fairly begun. It is a commonplace assertion that the native character of the English people is towards secretiveness and deviousness. But the immediate political programme in this country is to discover whether this is really the character of the people, or the character of those who control the people.

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SPECTRE OF PLUTONIUM ENERGY RODS
SPECTRE OF UNIVERSAL ANXIETY
DANGER-!! SPECTRES AT WORK
FOR GODS SAKE SOMEONE TAKE OVER— I NEED A CUPPA TEA!
SPECTRE OF HUNGER
SPECTRE OF VIOLENCE
SPECTRE OF 2000 000
SPECTRE HOUSE
SPECTRE OF GREED AND NASTY THOUGHTS
SPECTCHA WONDERIN' WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU POOR BLIND FOOL
SPECTRE OF SILICON CHIPS
KEITH STEAD

NOTES

Is the new Polish leader Moscow's man?

John Besemeres writes: Stanislaw Kania's appointment as Polish First Secretary in succession to Gierek can scarcely have a reassuring effect on the Polish population. Moscow's strong endorsement of him and his past responsibilities make him a figure of dubious credibility in Polish eyes.

Kania has made his career essentially through the party apparatus, has held no significant government post and does not have even the 'generalist' experience of being a *wojewodstwo* (provincial) party secretary. The son of poor peasants from South-eastern Poland he began his career as an official in the subsequently discredited Stalinist Union of Polish Youth (in which, incidentally, Jacek Kuron, a leading dissident, was also a prominent activist.) From there Kania moved to the party apparatus, where he has made a steady and unchecked rise.

He became a deputy member of the Central Committee in 1964, was promoted to full member in December 1968 (not a good year for liberals), became secretary of the Central Committee after Gomulka's fall in 1971 and a deputy Politbureau member at the end of that year. He became a full member of the Politbureau in December 1975, to which he was re-elected amid the February 1980 purge and reshuffle. During this period he has rarely spoken in public — not even when promoted at the February 1971 Central Committee Plenium following Gomulka's disgrace. At the past three party congresses he does not appear to have chaired any publicly reported working group deliberations.

The reason for this anonymity is possibly that since 1971 at least he has been responsible, above all, for internal and external security. He is apparently the first Soviet bloc security official to have become First Secretary of a national Communist Party while performing security functions. During the seventies his principal known political role was to preside over the removal first of General Moczar and later Mr Franciszek Szlachcic from key positions of influence and the purging of their followers in the police apparatus. The pair were believed to have Ceausescu-like aspirations to hard-line domestic policies and greater independence from the USSR.

In the seventies Kania has been shadowed in the party and security organs by Stanislaw Kowalczyk, a Silesian colleague of Gierek's. It was assumed that Kania was in some senses Gierek's ally but it now seems, with the benefit of hindsight, as though Kowalczyk may have been Gierek's counterweight to Kania. If so, it adds urgency to the question as to just whose man Kania is. The most reassuring thing about the appointment for the Polish public is that it is coupled with the elevation of Mr Barcikowski to the Politbureau. Barcikowski — the government's negotiator with the Szczecin workers — shares with Mr Jagielski, the leader of the government negotiating team at Gdansk (and a new deputy premier), a reputation for being an honest and competent administrator.

Housing policy: a lot for Labour to learn

John Forsyth writes: The draft housing manifesto produced this week by two members of the Labour Party NEC Housing sub-committee shows that they have learned a little from the failures of the last Labour government's housing policy and the ease with which the Tories captured so many council tenant votes. But the proposals do not get to grips with the fundamental misapprehension which finished off the last government's housing policies, that all housing should continue to be highly subsidized.

The proposals from the two MPs — Jack Straw and Allan Roberts — are specifically designed to appeal to the remaining council tenants and prospective tenants whose numbers will be swollen by the approaching housing crisis caused by low starts, rising costs and falling standards. Roberts and Straw want the repeal of the Tories' 'right to buy' for council tenants, allowing council houses to be sold only at market value in places where there is no serious housing need and a provision to ensure that income from housing sold will be used to replace buildings sold. They would abolish the shorthold tenancy, giving tenants in such accommodation security of tenure. (The Labour front bench have already given this undertaking, probably ensuring that few shortholds are ever initiated.)

If this sounds much as the mixture offered before by Peter Shore — to whom Jack Straw was political adviser — the new ingredient is a plan to make up the half million houses which the MPs feel is the national shortfall. Subsidies will encourage new building and the improvement of existing stock, including the demolition of estates that are beyond saving. The only significant proposal aimed at dealing with the distortions to the housing market — and the rest of the economy — caused by the operation of the tax system is the introduction of a twenty year limit on mortgage tax relief. By perpetuating the concept of 'even-handedness' between private and public sectors outlined in Peter Shore's Green Paper, the proposals still leave the more immediately con-

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trollable public sector vulnerable to cuts at times of financial crisis.

The authors of this draft policy are also remarkably silent on how their programme would be paid for, an omission which may prevent the proposals from achieving one of their aims — making housing a major priority for the manifesto and the next Labour government. The last time housing featured as a vote-catcher was in 1964, with the promise of a Rent Act to end Rachmanism, 100 per cent council mortgages and a speed-up in slum clearance and council house building.

Giscard bans Nazi group

Jane Jessel writes from Paris: France's Jewish community — the fourth largest in the world and the largest in Western Europe — has been pulled reluctantly from the obscurity it prefers. Both the banning of an overtly anti-semitic right-wing group and the return to Israel of a delegate from the World Zionist Organisation, apparently after a disagreement over the role of French Jewry, have earned it publicity it would rather not have had.

The banned organisation is the Fédération d'Action Nationale et Européenne (FANE), described by its leaders as 'National Socialist'. Its enemies are 'Negroes, Jews and Arabs'. It claimed responsibility for bomb attacks on the offices of several anti-racist organisations, and was accused of making anonymous threats on the lives of many prominent Jews. Its leader, Marc Frederiksen, will be tried later this month for publishing material aimed at inciting racial hatred. Last month he claimed that only 'a few deaths, at most a million' were caused in Nazi extermination camps, and that the gas used was merely an insecticide. (Members of Britain's National Front may be pleased to know that their posters were prominently displayed in FANE's offices.)

With anti-semitic violence, desecration and threats on the increase recently in France, the French cabinet agreed last week to proscribe FANE on the recommendation of the interior minister, Christian Bonnet, under a law of 1936. This permits the banning of 'combat groups and private armies which provoke armed demonstrations in the streets, . . . racial discrimination, hatred or violence against a person or group of persons because of their origin, ethnic group, race or religion.' FANE is the fourteenth extreme right wing group to be banned since 1958. (By comparison, fourteen extreme left groups have been banned — mostly as a result of the May 1968 protests — and five groups seeking autonomy for their regions.)

Last week also saw the defeat of an apparent Zionist attempt to persuade French Jews to form a 'Jewish lobby', along the lines of that in the United States, to persuade the French government to take a more pro-Israel line. Acting together, France's 700,000 Jews could prove a powerful influence in shifting President Giscard's Middle East policy away from the oil-rich Arabs. But Avi Primor, representative in France of the Organisation Sioniste Mondiale, has returned to the Israeli foreign office after failing to move the leaders of the French Jewish establishment — notably represented by Baron Guy de Rothschild, influential president of the Fonds Social Unifié.

However, the popular French Jewish attitude could be ready for change. Most long-established families originated in northern Europe, and have long been assimilated. But latest arrivals are coming to France predominentaly from North Africa and the Middle East, and they are much more strongly pro-Israel. A highly successful demonstration called *Twelve Hours for Israel* was held in April, with many French Jews showing their hostility towards French Middle East policy. A particularly articulate contributor to the occasion was Henri Hadjenberg, a young Sephardi lawyer, whose influence has since been growing. He violently attacked the attitude of the French Jewish establishment, notably the Rothschilds.

No inquest for US private

Graham Smith writes: For the second time in 13 months the Home Office has suppressed an inquest from being held into the death of personnel at the US Naval Aviation Weapons Facility, at RAF St. Mawgan in Cornwall.

Last week coroner David Bishop was told he needn't proceed with an inquest into the death of Private Guy Sanders, because the Home Office had invoked Sections 1 and 7 of the 1952 Visiting Forces Act. Private Sanders was killed in a car crash outside the entrance to the base last month, and his body has now been flown home to Missouri for burial.

The move surprised Lt Cdr Jim Abbott, and other American top brass at St. Mawgan. 'We certainly didn't ask for the inquest to be stopped.' he said. 'It came as a total surprise to me — we were expecting the customary British civil inquest proceedings.

'We certainly had no objections to an inquest being held and we didn't ask for any inquest to be stopped.'

A Home Office spokeswoman said the VFA prevented an inquest being held 'unless the Home Secretary specifically says one should be held.'

Under Section 1 of the Act anyone 'with relevant association with a visiting force' is covered by this procedure.

In August 1979 the Home Secretary was asked to decide whether an inquest into the death of a 17-year-old RAF man should continue. Leading-Aircraftsman Matthew Chesher, of Folkestone, was killed when his motorcycle was in collision with an American jeep.

The accident happened on a top secret part of the base — out of bounds to almost all the personnel, British and American.

Needless to say no inquest was held, and the American jeep driver was later fined one dollar after a secret US tribunal of inquiry.

The biggest shipping fraud in history

Martin Bailey writes: The *Salem* swindle is the biggest fraud in marine history: last winter a group of people managed to steal a $56 million cargo of crude oil and then deliberately scuttled the *Salem* supertanker which had been carrying it, in the hope of passing the theft off as a loss at sea. The British government has issued warrants for the arrest of four foreigners thought to be at the centre of the swindle but none of them is ever likely to stand trial in this country. Until now one important aspect of the story — which may help identify some of the others involved — has gone completely unnoticed; this is the curious sequence of name changes in the last month of the *Salem*'s life.

On 3 December 1979 the *South Sun*, as it was then known, was sold by its owners, Pimmerton Shipping, to another Liberian company, Oxford Shipping. The name was changed to *Salem* and a few days later the renamed ship steamed into the harbour at Mina al Ahmadi in Kuwait to load up a cargo of 193,000 tons of crude oil. Already in the port was another ship named *Salem* — a small 7,000 ton vessel owned by the Jeddah-based company of Hussein Tahier Abdullaziz. Both ships left the port on 10 December; both for destinations in Italy. At the time the large *Salem*'s cargo belonged to the Italian company Pontoil.

One month later, on 9 January 1980, the small *Salem* changed its name to *Alpha*. This was eight days before the large *Salem* was sunk and shows admirable foresight on Mr Abdullaziz's behalf in getting rid of such a potentially embarrassing name.

Meanwhile, the large *Salem* had secretly docked at Durban on 28 December, but under the name of *Lema*. This time the name change was not properly registered, and was little more than a 'paint job' to hide the tanker's true identity. As it happens, a Shell tanker with a similar name was expected to arrive for discharge at the same time. A supertanker called the *Limatula* had sailed from Brunei on 15 December with a cargo of oil destined for Sasol, the South African state oil corporation. It docked at the Durban mooring point — which is operated by Shell — four days after the *Lema* had arrived.

Shell in London dismiss this similarity in names as 'pure coincidence'. But it is possible that the people behind the *Salem* swindle were trying to 'impersonate' the legitimate Shell tanker. If so, the people behind the fraud had inside access to information on Shell's tanker movements.

The *Lema* left Durban on 2 January. Once on the high seas the paint pot was out again and the *Salem* was blown up on 17 January in an attempt to disguise the fact that its cargo had already been discharged in South Africa.

The widespread interest in the *Salem* story appears to have diverted attention from another supertanker

Posters: let us spray

Mick Hamer writes: Billboard Utilising Graffitists Against Unhealthy Promotions has just produced its autumn catalogue. It is full of adverts on which the Australian graffiti-writing group has been to work with its paint. Half of the ads featured in the catalogue have anti-smoking slogans added; beer and Coca-Cola ads also feature. ('Smile', exhorts the Coke ad, to which Buga Up adds 'While you've still got your teeth.')

Buga Up is well organised. It has a fully equipped van for improving all advertisement hoardings. Although paint cans and brushes are carried, the main weapon is the spray can, largely because paint brushes leave tell-tale stains on hands or clothes. The graffitists normally carry three spray colours, black, red and chrome; this range is necessary to enable slogans to be visible against all backgrounds. Chrome is needed for reflective posters as it reflects white in car headlights. Buga Up finds that most of its work seems to last for about a month, though in country areas it can be longer.

The van carries two ladders — a three footer and a seven footer — which can be fixed to the top of the van for very tall posters. Some tall hoardings can be climbed from the back and the slogan sprayed from the top — after some practice at writing upside down. For very high hoardings paint bombs — made from eggs or light bulbs can be used and for neon signs, slingshots and ballbearings.

Buga Up's main concern is with the subliminal effects of advertising, but defacing posters is illegal in Britain, where almost £100 million is spent on outdoor advertising every year.

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which sank a few months later in similar circumstances. On 3 April the 239,000 ton *Albahaa B* blew up off the coast of Tanzania just a few days after delivering a full cargo of oil from Saudi Arabia to Durban in defiance of the Arab embargo against South Africa.

The *Albahaa B* was owned by the Cranberry Corporation of Monrovia, and was operated by a connected company, Wallem Ship Management. Wallem were also the managers of the *South Sun* (later *Salem*) when it was sold by Pimmerton Shipping. Michael Steel, the managing director of Wallem Ship Management and president of Pimmerton, has denied his companies have participated in a 'scuttling ring.'

Another problem for British Rail

Mick Hamer writes: British Rail's £74 to £80 million deficit on its freight operations puts a big question mark over the success of crucial productivity talks. The National Union of Railwaymen — in line with an agreement in the 1979 pay round to talk about changes in working practices — has put together a £480 million negotiating package and is meeting the other rail unions this month to try to thrash out a common line. The NUR wants a 35 hour working week, longer holidays and up to 20 per cent on basic pay rates. A central feature is its proposal to increase the 'mobility allowance' which is designed to encourage redundant railwaymen to move to other areas where there are jobs: this should help BR cope with the paradox of 11,000 vacancies and over-manning. The package offers a real way out of BR's difficulties because instead of offering 'jam tomorrow'. gradual improvements in pay and conditions are linked to improvements in productivity.

The snag is the government. For the productivity deal to stand much chance of success, BR will need to push ahead with its capital investment programme. For this it needs government money. but the chances of getting this money decline as the losses mount.

Suarez is strengthened by Cabinet reshuffle

Julie Flint writes from Madrid: The big winner of the latest Spanish cabinet shuffle — the second in four months — appears to be Premier Adolfo Suarez himself, who has ended months of bitter criticism within the Union of the Democratic Centre by herding his loudest critics into the cabinet fold and so bolstering his own position ahead of the government party's New Year Congress.

From Suarez' point of view, the only unsatisfactory aspect of the shuffle must be its timing: scrambling to field his new team before the autumn opening of Parliament, Suarez announced the new line-up a bare twelve hours before the start of preparatory sessions for the Madrid Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. Delegates expecting to see Marcelino Oreja, unexpectedly thrown from the Foreign Ministry, were instead confronted with Jose Pedro Perez Llorca, who had to run from his swearing-in at the Zarzuela Palace to give a few — a very few, given the shortness of his notice — well-chosen inaugural words.

As expected, Fernando Abril Martorell, Vice Premier for Economic Affairs, dropped from the cabinet at his own request, deflecting some of the criticism aimed at Suarez and opening the way for a change of policy emphasis. With inflation halved in the past three years but unemployment past 11 per cent and climbing, the new Vice Premier, former EEC minister Leopoldo Calvo Sotelo pledged to create 600,000 jobs by 1983 and push national growth from near zero to 5 per cent.

The new cabinet decreases the influence of the Christian Democrat wing of the UCD in favour of its Social Democrats, who take over the justice Ministry — which is handling a new law to legalise divorce — and the combined ministry of Commerce and Economy. At the same time it attempts to tame the old-regime wing by giving its leader, Rodolfo Martin Villa, the Autonomy Ministry — a move bound to upset Basques who remember his days as head of the Spanish Police at the Interior Ministry.

Ricardo de la Cierva — the historian who estimated the bombing of Guernica at a dozen dead — leaves the Culture Ministry after only ten months. Eduardo Punset, a former marxist and economics editor of the *Economist,* takes the EEC portfolio, giving Catalan centrists satisfaction, as Suarez prepares to strengthen his minority position in Parliament through an unofficial pact with Catalan nationalists.

Andrew Cockburn

America's highly visible bomber

NOT SINCE John Kennedy invented the 'missile gap' in the 1960 election has defence played so large a part in a Presidential contest. As the contenders differ only in the minutiae of Soviet threat inflation, one cannot call the current argument a debate, but it is vehement nonetheless. Witness the recent name-calling over the issue of the 'Stealth Bomber'.

The Republicans perhaps have a certain justice on their side. Their contention is that the Carter administration deliberately publicised a supposed breakthrough in the technology of radar suppression, which would enable the US to develop an aircraft invisible to radar, the purpose being to deflate the Reaganite charge that Carter had grievously damaged national security by cancelling the B1 bomber in 1977. The B1 lobby, which encompasses members of both parties, have never forgiven Carter for this, hence their ire on discovering that Dr William Perry, the undersecretary of defence responsible for the development and production of new weapons systems, had given an extensive briefing on Stealth to Benjamin Schemmer, editor of *Armed Forces Journal.* A few days later Harold Brown, the Secretary of Defence, gave a follow-up news conference, in which he declared that the new development 'alters the military balance', implying that voters should be jolly grateful that Carter had cancelled the obsoletely visible B1, because now they can have an invisible one instead.

While the row proceeds, with inflamed charges and counter charges — even Kissinger has joined in, hoping to work his ticket with Reagan — the essentially farcical element of the dispute has attracted little attention. The Americans have not developed an invisible aircraft. Nor is there any prospect of their doing so.

Radar, just to run through some basic physics, works by reflecting shortwave radio signals off solid objects. Flat or angular metallic surfaces reflect best; plastic, fabric, or wood hardly at all. A jet aircraft is an excellent reflector: the metal construction, its own radar antenna, the engine intake, the engine compressor blades, all help it to show up nicely on the screen.

There are ways to make it less visible, but these involve sad compromises with the plane's aerodynamic performance. The most helpful measure is to make the plane small — simple enough, except that the USAF is talking about a 500,000 lb aircraft as being the optimal size for its new bomber. Making as much of the aerodynamic surface curved, and eliminating sharp angles will produce weak echoes, and the engine inlets can to a certain extent be masked. The more plastic that is used in construction the better, although it is difficult to conceive of the interior bulkheads being made of anything other than metal.

More exotically the plane can be coated to frustrate radar. One type of coating, similar to the light absorbants used in camera lenses, absorbs the energy from the radar beam, thus diminishing the strength of the return signal. The other system involves what is called 'destructive interference', in which part of the signal is reflected from the surface of the coating, and the rest from the underlying material. Assuming the coating has the correct thickness the two sets of reflected waves will cancel each other out, and thereby black out the signal. Unfortunately this technique is quite as useful as it sounds, since one type of coating is only good for one radar frequency. The number of radar frequencies in actual or potential use being large, these coatings which supposedly lie at the heart of the new technology are hardly the complete solution.

The cruise missile should be the ideal stealthy flying object — small, with a minimum of flat surfaces and sharp angles. At one time it was an unclassified boast that the cruise had 'the radar cross section of a seagull'. All the computer calculations indicated that this was indeed the case. But when they finally got around to testing a cruise against a standard Hawk air defence radar it stood out like a beacon. It looks as if the 'stealth' bomber will be as visible over Russia as it has been in the election campaign.

All these factors are scientifically familiar and have been well known for a generation. The Germans were quite far advanced with 'stealthy' submarine conning towers in 1945.) In the early '60s the SR71 spy plane was reputed to be almost invisible to radar, a fact which has not deterred the Russions from spotting it and attempting to shoot it down. It is indeed possible to reduce the radar cross section of an aircraft significantly, but the benefits are dubious. A defence radar expert explains it this way: 'If you were to reduce the radar cross section by a factor of 100, which would be a really stupendous achievement, all you would be doing is effectively to reduce the range of the radar looking for that plane by two-thirds. If you reduced the cross section by a factor of 10, which is more possible, then the range of the radar would be 56 per cent of what it was.' Back to the drawing-board.

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Keeping quiet about Mao

This week's resignation of Chairman Hua as China's prime minister is part of a move by the ruling elite to 'de-Maoise' the country. This process is essential as part of the programme of economic reform which the leadership has embarked upon. Nevertheless it carries a great risk, as ROSS TERRILL, who has just returned from China, reports.

Hu Yaobang

Camera Press

POST-MAO CHINA is changing for the better, if not as fast or as fundamentally as some bold urban segments of Chinese society would like. Yet an explosive issue lies just beneath the political surface that could, if the future goes less tidily than Peking hopes, erode the Communist Party's 30-year-old legitimacy.

True, a number of trends seem firmly established. Economics is Cathay's new God. A collective leadership holds fast to 'stability and unity' with the white knuckles of men who've already seen the horrible alternative. For the man in the street, ideology has shrivelled to the point of irrelevance. Laws make a timid appearance in a land where Maoist social morality once claimed to obviate them. A China that no longer struts with yesterday's pride looks to Japan and the West not only for technique but for ideas. Intellectual life stirs as the Communist Party *seems* to have accepted that 'truth' comes not from one leader's brain, but from the jostling of thousands of minds. Yet one senses an eerie pause in Chinese politics, and signs exist, at the intellectual level, of an awkward marriage of incompatibles.

'IS VOLUME 6 of Mao Zedong's *Selected Works* finished?' I asked a senior Peking figure. 'Do not expect this book', he said of the Chinese leader's writings from 1957 onward, which a committee under Hua Guofeng has been preparing for publication since Mao died in 1976. 'First, its contents are not in accord with conditions in China today. Second, editing a book by a committee is not easy.'

Yet portraits of the only two chairmen the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) has ever had — the incomparable Mao and his chosen successor, the plodding Hua — hang in airports, shops, halls, even in homes. Bookstores in the more leftist cities devote a special counter to 'Works of Chairman Mao and Chairman Hua' — though Hua's writings are few, and the buyers are also few.

A Vice-Minister, when asked about a new Encyclopedia being prepared in Peking, replied with a laugh: 'One thing is clear: the volume with M entries won't appear — not until something happens.'

The weird thing is that the government does not openly say why China is a different place from five years ago — that Mao has gone and no 'new Mao' is possible. An almost spiritual uncertainty grips Peking's smoke-filled rooms. China, which over thousands of years has nearly always had an official ideology, and which insists on putting a clear label on people and things, is trying to decide what label to hang on Mao, and how much of his 'Thought' was correct.

The problem, made clear in private by Chinese officials and think-tank leaders, is that the man who brilliantly diagnosed the ills of old China, found a way to seize power by raising a peasant army, and laid the basis for New China in the first six years after the Liberation of 1949 — the Marx, Lenin, and Stalin rolled into one of the Chinese Revolution — was a disaster for China during most of his two final decades.

No errors by Mao have been publicly announced. Open de-Maoisation has consisted only of saying 'Mao Thought' is not merely one man's creation but a collective achievement, and of implying that from 1966 Mao was misled by the leftist Gang of Four. In private talks — where the tone is that of actors nervously trying out their lines on the eve of a performance — the judgment is far harsher:

— The Great Leap Forward [a nasty lurch sideways begun in 1958] failed.

— Of course you cannot say the Gang of Four started the Cultural Revolution; Mao was responsible.

— Yes, young Mao was influenced by anarchism, and this influence can also be seen in his later life.

— It is dangerous to refer to the emperor (the words of an author, now a government figure, explaining why his published writings have not always been frank about Mao's faults).

— It was shocking to us that Mao never once visited Zhou Enlai while the Premier was sick and dying in the hospital, or write a message when Zhou died, or even go to Zhou's funeral — though he was fit enough to receive Nixon's daughter at that time.

These remarks, and dozens more such, came from Chinese officials, among them vice-ministers, as I travelled into Peking, Shanghai, Tianjin and other cities, with the express purpose, approved by the Chinese side, of learning more about Mao's role in the Chinese Revolution. 'Mao's name has not been mentioned,' said an influential editor when talking of published analyses of the cult of personality, 'and we have thought it better not to.' Yet there is a disturbing gap, with explosive possible consequences, between what is said to the Chinese people and the implications of what is said, and between this editor's public and private judgments of Mao.

HU YAOBANG, secretary general of the CCP and one of the three or four most powerful men in China today, has made it clear (and his many admirers among Chinese officials and intellectuals have echoed him) that the CCP Central Committee must, and will some time during 1980, publicly assess Mao's merits and faults. Hu's own view of Mao, which probably is also that of some others in the Politburo, has recently been made clear. Mao was a great man, but he made terrible mistakes in later life. Under him China was 'essentially for 30 years' a 'feudal-monarchist state.' His writings on Party building, military doctrine, philosophy, and culture, were sound, but those on socialist construction, and especially on economic theory, were largely 'empty talk' (*kong hua*).

But it is a risky enterprise to tell China's one billion people that a lot of Mao Thought is empty talk. For not everyone is anti-Mao. Some rising officials in their forties 'could not understand' this year's rehabilitation of Liu Shaoqi, whom Mao purged in 1966, and have a vested interest in holding on to Maoist ways. A few provinces (e.g., Hunan, where the bare appellation 'Comrade Mao', common in most of China, has not yet replaced the loftier 'Chairman Mao') are still tinged with ultra-leftism. Certain traditionalists in the Party leadership (the military leader Ye Jianying may be one) don't want to risk the unscrambling of authority that could result from open, concrete criticism of Mao.

Hua Guofeng, in particular, is in the delicate position of being Mao's chosen successor in an era of de-Maoisation — although he gave up the prime ministership this week, he remains chairman of the Party. Hu Yaobang does not seem too worried by Hua's interest in clinging to as much of Mao's legacy as he reasonably can — he boldly forecast, to foreigners, that Hua would be 'replaced' as Premier. Yet one should not forget that China — with or without Hua as premier — is its hundreds of millions of farmers, not its tens of millions of city-dwellers. I asked a young

Zhao Ziyang replaces Hua as Prime Minister: a further step in the 'de-Maoisation of China'?

Camera Press

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Peking teacher who has dissenting ideas which kind of people in his institute held ideas similar to his own. 'Those who *don't*,' he replied, 'are mostly from peasant families. They get shocked at my talk. They say "Look, criticising Mao is like criticising your own father." '

And it is true that China, in the most unlikely event that Hu and Deng denounce Mao as Khrushchev denounced Stalin in 1956, does not have a Lenin to fall back on, as the infallible rock of the revolution. Mao is the key symbol of the very legitimacy of the People's Republic of China. China urgently wants to turn away from Mao's 'empty talk.' Yet China is not quite sure it can do without the myth of Mao.

AN INTELLECTUAL PROBLEM nags. How can people believe in a government that honours all Mao's enemies yet fails to say that Mao was responsible for purging them? Mao is also a hook for possible future power struggles, started by those, perhaps from the villages, who will feel disadvantaged by aspects of China's new modernisation policies.

And Mao, from his sleek mausoleum, confronts the China that he both shaped and tormented with an even more fundamental issue. 'The trial of the Gang of Four will clarify the issue of Mao,' said one optimistic Chinese intellectual. But will it? No one really believes that all the troubles in China today are the fault of the Gang of Four. If the trial, forecast by Hu Yaobang for September, merely repeats this half-truth, it will add to the already widespread cynicism in the country. Yet if blame is also heavily apportioned to Mao, and it is admitted that Gang of Five is as near to the truth as Gang of Four, that only presses the issue one step further back. If Mao was a disaster, can the system which Mao built be worth keeping?

Looking back over a month of meetings with officials, editors, and scholars, one can readily construe the crux of the discussion on China's condition moving inexorably from the Gang of Four, to Mao, to the Leninist system. The process of 'seeking truth from facts,' which is Peking's current definition of Marxism, might logically bring on a challenge to the whole idea of one-Party dictatorship. Yet in all of Communist history there is no case of a Leninist Party regime succumbing to a debate as to its merits, any more than to the ballot-box.

'People create Buddhas whom they worship,' said a Shanghai social scientist in a disdainful reference to Mao. An anti-hero mood has come upon China. But the Communist Party is still meant to be worshipped, in the sense that its 'leading role' absolutely may not be questioned. 'The Party has made mistakes,' one often hears it said, but practically no one who is influential says 'The Leninist Party system is faulty.'

The Mao-issue will probably be finessed rather than solved. The Sixth Plenum of the Central Committee is likely to criticise the late Mao (for his patriarchal work style, exaggerated notion of class struggle, obsession with steel and grain, elevation of will over objective conditions, rural romanticism, among other flaws) but also to reaffirm the Leninist rectitude of the Mao who laid the foundations of the PRC.

China's bolder spirits will be disappointed, but the farmers, the army, and the substantial proportion of ordinary people who probably want economic progress more than political reform may not be. And for the bureaucrats, the keepers of Mao's house, it is certainly more convenient to accuse Mao of abusing his own system than to accuse him of building the wrong (Leninist) system.

In the longer run, we may see one of history's most intriguing tests of whether modernisation heightens or dulls the hunger for a frank accounting of a people's painful recent past, whether an intelligent people can live indefinitely by a half-truth, whether the Chinese practical spirit (not always a friend of candour) will prevail both against Maoism and against the urge to nail Maoism mercilessly for its sins.

'Ten years ago you told us of the "crimes" of Liu Shaoqi,' I said to a Chinese official who was cataloguing the 'crimes' of the Gang of Four, 'but in 1980 it turns out that Liu didn't commit any crimes after all. How — unless you show me the key documents — can I believe the case against the ultraleftists?'

The answer came back: 'China has changed; we are franker this time, we are trying to present the past as it really was.' To a degree it is true. Yet as long as the Gang of Four remain the pivot of all explanations of China's intermittent post-1975 calamities, Chinese politics will still be a staged morality play. China hasn't changed *that* much. The system cannot tolerate an open-ended search for truth (those key documents have a way of never being available), or acknowledge that conflict is endemic to political life and should be catered for institutionally.

Ross Terrill is the author of Mao: A Biography *(Harper and Row, £8.95)*

Is it polite to read a lady's private diaries?

In January, The Sunday Times published the first extracts from Barbara Castle's private diaries. They were outspoken. Even for Barbara Castle. She revealed exactly what she thought of Jim Callaghan. Gave her opinion of Roy Jenkins. And explained why she was convinced she would never become Britain's first female Prime Minister.

Now The Sunday Times is continuing the series that curled lips around Westminster and raised eyebrows all over the country.

What or who's next? Find out by reading Barbara Castle's Diaries – Part II – in The Sunday Times.

Barbara Castle's Diaries

THE SUNDAY TIMES

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Death to the working class

A report on health inequality, published two weeks ago, is so alarming that the government has tried to bury it. ANNA COOTE summarises its findings.

BRITAIN'S HEALTH SERVICE doesn't work — especially for the working classes. The lower down the social scale you are, the less likely you are to be healthy and the sooner you can expect to die. Your children, too, will be at greater risk of injury, sickness and death. It is hardly surprising that Patrick Jenkin has been anxious to hush-up the official report from the Department of Health and Social Security which presents these embarrassing findings. But *Inequalities in Health* (DHSS, £8) goes a great deal further than that.

The poorer health of the lower social classes, the report says, is a result not just of failings in the National Health Service, but of glaring inequalities in income, education, nutrition, housing and working conditions, as well as cultural differences. What is more, the gap in health standards betwen the upper and lower classes has increased steadily since 1949.

The Working Group which produced the report — commissioned by Jenkin's predecessor, David Ennals, in 1977 — was chaired by Sir Douglas Black, Chief Scientist at the DHSS and president of the Royal College of Physicians; with him were Professor J. N. Norris of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Dr Cyril Smith, Secretary of the Social Science Research Council and Peter Townsend, Professor of Sociology at Essex University. Hardly a bunch of dangerous radicals, yet they have shown, by analysing a vast range of data, that class divisions in Britain are, if anything, deeper today than they were thirty years ago. And they conclude that drastic shifts in social policy are needed to establish equal health standards.

Taking mortality rates as an indicator of health, the report shows that over the last half-century, men in occupational classes IV and V have made no improvement in their health, even in absolute terms. Between 1949 and 1972 the number of deaths per 100,000 working class men in the 45-54 age group dropped by only *one*, from 895 to 894, while in the 55-64 age group the death rate increased from 2,339 to 2,409.

Women have fared better than men: their health has shown an improvement in all occupational and age groups. But upper class women have been getting healthier a lot quicker than their lower class contemporaries; so, too, have their chances of surviving child birth and producing healthy babies. In 1972, the maternal mortality rate for class V women was nearly double that for women in classes I and II.

The length and degree of illnesses are hard to measure, as statistics often depend on people's own assessment of their state of health. However, in 1972, semi-skilled and unskilled manual male workers lost nearly four times as many working days as men in the professional and managerial classes. And in 1976, there were nearly two and a half times as many women suffering from chronic illnesses in class V as in class I.

ALTHOUGH WORKING CLASS children are more vulnerable to fatal injury and illness (see Table 5 and caption), their parents are less likely than those in the middle classes to take them to the doctor. This may have more to do with the quality of care and the costs (financial and otherwise) which the parents anticipate, than with any unreasonable response to sickness. For it is well-known that health services in predominantly working class areas are less accessible and of a poorer quality. The report suggests that working class adults may be 'typically *more* sick than are middle class ones before help is sought'. Middle class patients tend to get better care from their GPs, not only because they live in areas which are better served, but also because they are more skilled at eliciting the care they need.

The Working Group was especially worried by the working classes' 'severe underutilization' of preventive services. Among married women who make bookings for ante-natal care, 29.8 per cent of those in class II make them after the twentieth week of pregnancy, compared with 35.3 per cent in class IV and 40.5 per cent in class V. Working class women are less likely to be screened for cervical cancer 'even though mortality from this condition is much higher in these classes than in the non-manual classes'.

Other studies quoted in the report show that working class people make less use of dental services and chiropody, and receive inferior dental care. All this, it says,

is a complex resultant of under-provision, of costs

Camera Press

Child deaths in general have decreased in all age groups and social classes in the last 20 years, except in social classes IV and V in the 10-14 age group, where there has been a marked increase. Sharp differences remain between the classes. For example, boys are twice as likely to die aged 5-9 if they belong to social classes IV and V than if they belong to classes I and II. And girls in classes IV and V are almost twice as likely to die aged 1-4 than their contemporaries in classes I and II. Children who suffer the greatest risk are class V boys aged 1-4.

Fatal accidents among children

	Social Class					
	I	II	IIIN	IIIM	IV	V
Boys	25.8	39	44.5	56.3	66.2	122
Girls	18.8	19	21.4	24.9	35.1	63.1

The age of the mother and the number of previous births are also known to affect infant mortality. However, class inequalities are found even when these two factors are constant.

Infant deaths

	rate per 1000 live births	
Number of babies dying within 4 weeks of birth	1964	1975/76
Class I & III	9.2	7.9
III	11.8	9.3
IV and V	13.2	11.7
illegitimate	19.3	15.0
Number of babies dying between 1 and 11 months		
Class I & II	3.5	3.0
III	5.4	4.0
IV & V	7.6	6.1
illegitimate	9.2	7.4

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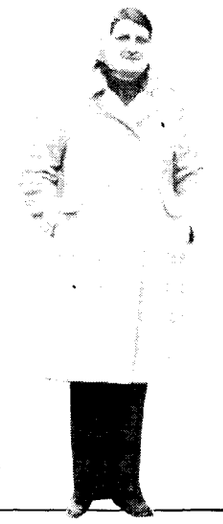
Class & Mortality: who dies soonest?

Mortality rates of occupational classes II, IV and V, as a percentage of the rates for classes I and II

Occupational class	Age	Men			Women		
		1949-53	1959-63	1970-72	1949-53	1959-63	1970-72
Class III	25-34	119	123	125	134	125	121
Class IV & V		145	177	196	166	151	162
Class III	35-44	122	134	151	118	130	131
Class IV & V		146	171	180	133	151	164
Class III	45-54	114	130	132	112	124	128
Class IV & V		126	155	161	120	141	151
Class III	55-64	114	123	129	109	122	127
Class IV & V		112	135	141	112	138	135

The number of deaths per 100,000 in each group has declined over the years, but the decline has been much steeper in the upper groups, so that the class difference has shown a marked increase.



(financial, psychological) of attendance, and perhaps of a life style which profoundly inhibits any attempt at rational action in the interests of *future* well-being.

Class also determines the kind of institution in which elderly people end their days. Predictably, the middle classes keep out of hospital more often, and stay in superior homes.

Comparing Britain's experience with other industrialised Western countries, the Working Group confirms tht while aduli mortality patterns are about the same, infant mortality is worse in Britain than elsewhere. There is evidence that infant death rates are lower where incomes are more evenly distributed. England, it turns out, has a more even regional distribution of doctors than other countries, but that doesn't seem to help: 'the extent of provisions of nurses and midwives, and of hospital beds, are more important than the provision of physicians'. The amount of emphasis placed on preventive ante-natal care and child health services is also considered more relevant.

THE CHIEF CAUSES of unequal health are identified as poverty, and the relatively poor access of low-income groups to the knowledge and facilities which help to maintain physical fitness. The analysis is not a surprising one — except that it has been produced by such an august body, under instructions from a government department.

Working class children, the report says, are less able to acquire linguistic, cognitive and communicative skills which would equip them for jobs in the higher-paid and healthier occupation groups 'because of the *fit* which exists between middle-class norms of socialisation and the dominant structure of the educational system'. People with lower incomes eat — and feed their children — more harmful foods; they smoke more and take less exercise. These habits are not simply a product of working class culture, but reflect a relative lack of 'material security and advantage'.

Resources which improve the quality of parental care tend to be material — such as 'sufficient household income, a safe, uncrowded and unpolluted home, warmth and hygeine, a means of rapid communication with the outside world, eg. telephone or car, and an adequate level of man- or woman-power.' Accidents and violence are the main causes of child deaths:

> Among child pedestrians, for example, the risk of death from the impact of a motor vehicle is multiplied by 5-7 times in passing from class I to class V; for accidental death caused by fires, falls and drowning, the gap between the classes is even greater. These differences demonstrate the *non-random* nature of accidents as a collective class of events.

The report also quotes the Camberwell study of Brown and Harris which concludes that one reason for the greater prevalance of accidents in working class homes 'is the higher incidence of stressful life events experienced by mothers'.

High death rates among working class adults are attributed to the risks of accidental injury and damage to vision, hearing and breathing which commonly accompany manual work and 'which, it must be said, are in no way compensated for by financial reward'. The report insists that higher levels of smoking among working class men and women cannot be dismissed as a wilful, self-destructive habit when it 'depends on a multi-million pound industry, is sanctioned by Parliament, treated as an important source of taxation income and freely permitted in public places, even on premises owned by the National Health Service'. Moreover, smoking habits are related to feelings of satisfaction and security — and these are often improved material advantage.

A DETERMINED SHIFT in resources is recommended by the working group — towards community care and greater provision for mothers, young children and the disabled. The group wants non-means-tested free milk for infants, an enlarged programme of health education, better facilities for physical recreation in the inner cities, the establishment of 'National Health Goals', and strong anti-smoking measures including an invitation to tobacco companies 'to submit plans in consultation with trade unions for the diversification of their products over a period of 10 years'. The government should spend £30 million on a special health and social development programme in selected areas — and the ten with the highest death rates are Salford, Tameside, Gateshead, Liverpool, South Tyneside, Tower Hamlets, Durham, Bolton, Wirral and North Tyneside.

The report's most radical proposals are in the field of social policy. It recommends that child benefit be increased to 5.5 per cent of average gross male industrial earnings (£5.70 in November 1979). This could have an interesting impact on the current debate about the role of 'the family wage' in collective bargaining. It proposes, too, that the maternity grant be quadrupled from £25 to £100. Disappointingly, it makes no suggestions about increasing parental leave and extending it to fathers (along Swedish lines), which could help eliminate health *and* sex inequalities. Instead, the working group wants to pay women to stay at home, 'to strengthen the mother's role', by introducing an infant care allowance, equivalent to child benefit, for mothers of children under five. Its proposals on child care are more helpful: it wants a statutory obligation to be placed on local authorities to ensure adequate day care for the under-fives, with a minimum number of places laid down centrally. But it stops short of recommending statutory facilities for children who are not in special need. Free school meals should be provided for all children — and the report explains that the cost of these measures could be met by withdrawing the extra married man's tax allowance from men who have no dependent children or elderly relatives.

Policy on housing, employment and other factors which affect health should be co-ordinated at Cabinet level, with an independent Health Development Council to 'play a key advisory and planning role'.

At today's rates, supplementary benefit is £42.20 a week for a married couple with two children aged 5-10; amd £18.30 for a single householder. Income 40 per cent above that level amounts to £59.10 and £25.62 respectively.

Poverty & health

Numbers living below or just above the breadline have increased over the last 20 years

Income	Britain (000s)		
	1960	1975	1978
Below supplementary benefit level	1260	1840	2020
Receiving supplementary benefit	2670	3710	4160
Up to 40 per cent above supplementary benefit level	3510	6990	7840

Income and nutrition

Ounces consumed per person per week

Income group	Food			
	white bread	sugar	potatoes	fruit
A	18	9.3	29	33
B	25	11	39	24
C	28	13	49	20
D	31	15	52	17

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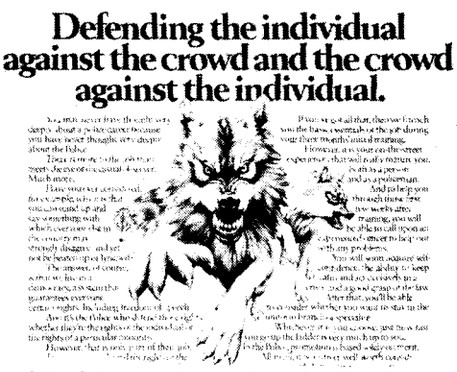
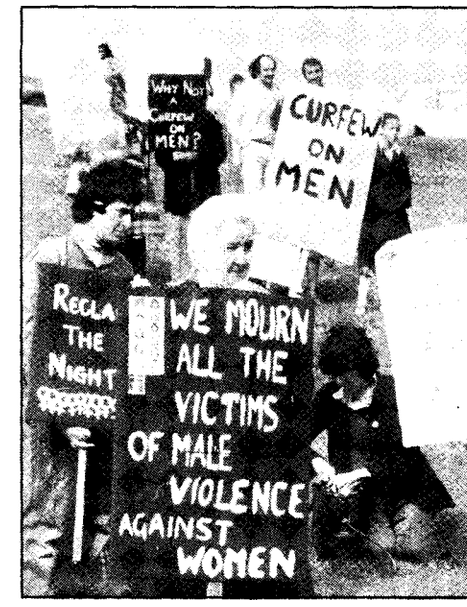
Secret clues to the Yorkshire Ripper

Important information:

- **The Ripper has threatened to kill someone in a 'new' Yorkshire town, which he has named to the police but which they refuse to disclose;**
- **There is evidence that the Ripper has a gap in his upper teeth — left by a bitemark on a victim — which if published might enable dentists, or even lay people, to identify him;**
- **Blood grouping almost certainly restricts the Ripper's identity to about six per cent of the male population;**
- **There is evidence of his ritualistic practices which, if revealed, might explain obvious flaws in the credibility of the 'Ripper letters';**
- **Although the police might find full publication of the letters embarrassing, there are enough compositional oddities in them to provide some chance that a teacher might identify him.**





Bradford women demonstrate for the right to arm themselves against the Ripper — following the police prosecution of a local woman teacher for carrying a small clasp knife in her handbag.

Today's police, though paid and equipped with new generosity, display some confusion about their self-image. Advertisements describe them as 'defending the individual against the crowd, and the crowd against the individual' — but the illustration could be savage individuals, a savage crowd, or, worse, a minority group image of police-dogs.

In truth, computers and new radio equipment have not obviously increased faith in police capacity to protect 'the crowd (or society)' against savage individuals, and the abortive, £3-million-plus hunt for the 'Yorkshire Ripper' is the most notorious case in point. The Ripper is now passing a milestone of sorts — his longest inactivity since 54 weeks in 1976-77 — and since the collapse of their public-awareness campaign, police strategy has switched to 'starving the Ripper of publicity'. Privately, detectives hardly deny that this is a concession of defeat after twelve unsolved murders. ROB ROHRER has seen internal police documents which cast alarming light on the causes — and motivations — of the new 'strategy'. They show that the police, while professing to seek public cooperation, have actually suppressed much.

THE MAN WITH a Wearside accent who asserts that he is the Yorkshire Ripper has written about 750 words in the letters which provided the basis of the abandoned publicity-drive by the police. Of this total, only 170 have been released: internal police documents, which include paraphrases and some direct quotations, make it clear that the remaining 500-odd contain considerable of information.

Some may appear trivial, such as his use of language also ascribed to the Victorian Ripper — 'they gave me fits', he says of the police Photofit pictures — but it is notorious that unexpected connections between apparently trivial points have often been critical in identifying an irrational murderer. Others are far from trivial, like the evidence about the state of his teeth and about his still-unfulfilled threat to kill someone in a particular Yorkshire town.

Detectives do not deny the existence of this threat. But they adamantly refuse to give the name of the town, which is not given in the reports we have seen — though some of them admit the force of the argument that women in Yorkshire have the right to every possible item of information about the intentions of a sadistically determined killer who has so far been undeterred by the operations of the police themselves.

To judge by the record of Ripper threats which the police *have* published, they are not likely to be wholly precise guides to his conduct — certainly not to its timing. Extracts from a letter he posted on 23 March last year, together with the tape-recording ('Hello, I'm Jack') which he sent in June, suggested that there would be a murder in Manchester and then in Bradford. Nothing has happened since in Manchester. But at this time last year Barbara Leach, a Bradford University student, was struck down from behind with a hammer while walking alone late at night. She was then stabbed repeatedly, and fatally, in a miserably recognisable style.

The unpublicised threat was made in one of two letters that the Ripper sent in March 1978, but there does not seem to be any suggestion that it might be 'time-expired'; for there is no reason to suppose the Ripper is adhering to a time-table. Rather, his threats seem to identify places where he feels that the conditions, for some reason, may suit him from time to time: therefore any town he points to must be at risk until he is arrested.

Privately, some police sources suggest that the reason the police authorities felt prepared to mention Manchester and Bradford is that each had been the scene of previous Ripper murders. There is resistance to the idea of disclosing any other place-name, because of a fear that public anxiety might place an unwelcome burden upon police resources. This argument, if genuinely held, is an extraordinary one, because few people can now believe that police surveillance on the largest imaginable scale can make much difference: a likelier safeguard, surely, must be public awareness based on the widest possible circulation of the Ripper's advertised intentions.

OF COURSE, to disclose that there is an outstanding threat, and to disclose, as this article does, further information about the Ripper which the police have so far suppressed is to challenge the whole new police strategy of 'publicity-starvation'. This is not something any sensible reporter would do lightly. But after five years of failure, when only one initiative seems to have come anywhere near success, it must be legitimate to ask whether there is any real investigation going on, and to ask whether for all its cost and self-advertised dedication to high technology, the police approach may not have been flawed from the beginning.

The Ripper manhunt appears to have been characterised by a marked reluctance to trust the public with information which might have maintained interest and provided fuel for alertness — in spite of an acknowledgment in the West Yorkshire force's advertisements that few serious killers are caught without vital information coming from ordinary citizens. And there has been a worryingly ambivalent attitude towards the Ripper's victims themselves. Too often, in spite of a rather terse and recent statement that 'it is now believed that the Ripper draws no distinction between ordinary women and prostitutes', police have tended to fall in with the killer's classification of 'decent' women and 'sluts'.

This has caused the illusion that the Ripper *intends* to attack prostitutes, but occasionally and by error kills (in the *Daily Telegraph's* phrase) an 'innocent' victim, as in the case of the 17-year-old supermarket worker Jayne MacDonald, for whose horrific death the Ripper's maudlin 'apology' has been published, saying that he would not have 'changed his routine' if he had known her background.

The plain truth is that the Ripper's desire, whatever drapes he puts around it, is to kill women, and to do so with ritualistic violence. The decisive factor is not the woman's sexual mores, but her practical vulnerability. Anyone who solicits on the street is in more danger than a practitioner in a prosperously-regulated brothel. But so is a student walking home, as Barbara Leach discovered: and a detective's remark that the flimsiness of her dress perhaps contributed to her death is one which gets the point exactly the wrong way around. Together with secretiveness, the illusion that sexual conformity might confer immunity from a lunatic has inhibited the development of the genuine community awareness which the police themselves acknowledge is essential for the capture of a criminal whose real motivation is

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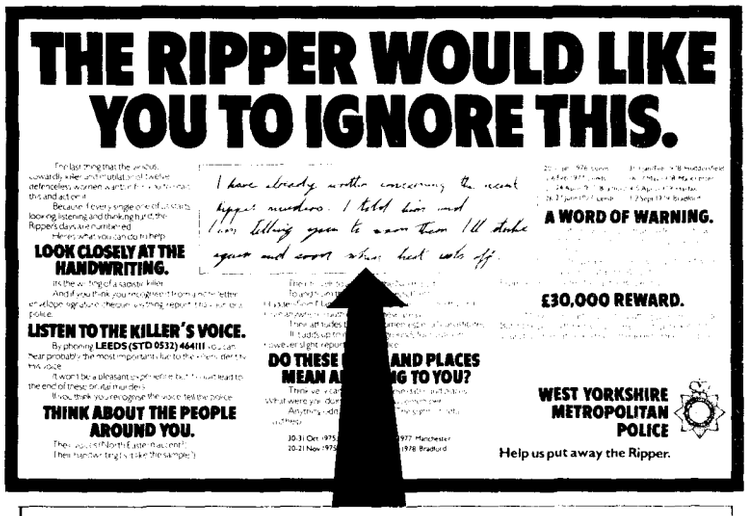
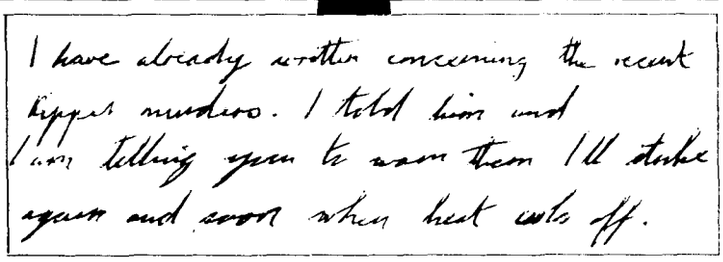
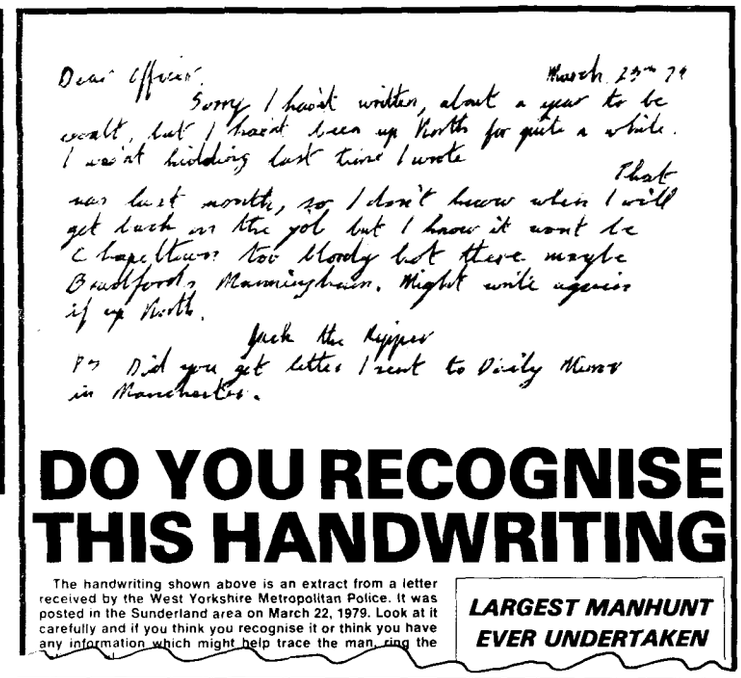
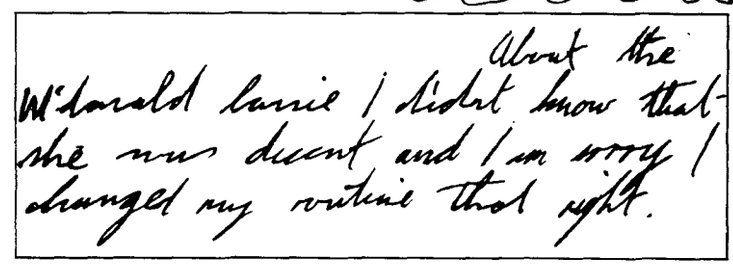

THE RIPPER WOULD LIKE YOU TO IGNORE THIS.
I have already written concerning the recent Ripper murders. I told him and I am telling you to warn them I'll strike again and soon when heat is off.
A WORD OF WARNING.
£30,000 REWARD.
LOOK CLOSELY AT THE HANDWRITING.
LISTEN TO THE KILLER'S VOICE.
THINK ABOUT THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU.
WEST YORKSHIRE METROPOLITAN POLICE
Help us put away the Ripper.


I have already written concerning the recent Ripper murders. I told him and I am telling you to warn them I'll strike again and soon when heat is off.


Dear Officer,
March 23rd 79
Sorry I haven't written, about a year to be exact, but I haven't been up North for quite a while. I wasn't kidding last time I wrote that was last month, so I don't know when I will get back on the pot but I know it won't be Chapeltown too bloody hot there maybe Bradford, Manningham. Might write again if up North.
Jack the Ripper
PS Did you get letter I sent to Daily Mirror in Manchester.
DO YOU RECOGNISE THIS HANDWRITING
The handwriting shown above is an extract from a letter received by the West Yorkshire Metropolitan Police. It was posted in the Sunderland area on March 22, 1979. Look at it carefully and if you think you recognise it or think you have any information which might help trace the man, ring the
LARGEST MANHUNT EVER UNDERTAKEN



The hand of the Ripper? Or a hoaxer? Whichever it is, these published extracts from the letters have still not been identified by anyone among the millions who have seen them.

actually quite random. Meanwhile, tabloid coverage has sometimes presented the case as a gruesome entertainment rather than a vital exercise in 'defending the crowd against the individual'. Last year, Leeds football fans chanted 'Eleven-O, eleven-O' when the tape of the Ripper's supposed voice was broadcast to them in the hope of identification.

THIS YEAR's explicit abandonment of public involvement followed an earlier, equally comprehensive failure based on the issuing of Photofits to the press. The most substantial of these visual-recognition exercises have been based upon the evidence of survivors, notably Maureen Long and Marilyn Moore, who were attacked in 1977, by which time — even in the absence of letters — the twentieth-century Ripper myth was solidly established.

Marilyn Moore, then aged 25, was soliciting in the Chapeltown district of Leeds in December 1977, when a man drove up alongside her and asked: 'Are you doing business?' When she said yes, he offered 'five pounds', and she got into his car, a maroon Morris Oxford.

Her account of his car — unusually well-kept, with two rear-view mirrors — has been published in the *Daily Mail,* also his introducing himself as 'Dave'. Yet, characteristically, the police's own reports mention other small details which, if broadcast, might contribute to identifying a personality, rather than a few physical characteristics. He didn't like the name 'David', he told her chattily, as he circled round towards a 'right quiet place' which he said he knew of. And he displayed further signs of local association when he discussed two other women known to Marilyn Moore, naming them accurately and saying rightly that one had a Jamaican boyfriend. Today, these fragments may not strike a spark, but they might have done nearer the time.

Marilyn Moore was attacked with sudden violence, and left unconscious. Presumably, her life was saved because something alarmed 'Dave' before he could go any further. She gave a description to the police, and helped in composing a Photofit, but the result seems to serve best as evidence of a proposition that the British criminal law is coming gradually to accept: that human capacity for recall of physical appearance is not high, and especially not after a violent and terrifying experience. Marilyn Moore saw a white man, aged about 28, roughly 5ft 6in high, with dark wavy hair of moderate length, a beard and a drooping Jason King moustache.

The fact that Maureen Long, attacked in Bradford three months earlier — another survivor — saw a white Cortina rather than a maroon Oxford, and saw a quite different set of clothes, is of course explicable in many ways. But if she was right in describing a man with collar-length *blond* hair, she was either describing a different man, or a criminal able to exercise a wide freedom of disguise. (Both cases are accepted by the police as Ripper attacks.) But other published descriptions, either from near-victims or from people in the vicinity of actual killings, have included ginger-blond sideburns, puffy cheeks, wiry (not drooping) hair, thick eyebrows, and other assortments of appearance, together with odds-and-ends of jewellery, dress, footwear, scars and other markings.

In December 1978, on the anniversary of the Chapeltown attack, the *Mail* produced a new drawing, made by their own artist with Marilyn Moore's co-operation. This was published alongside the year-old Photofit, and (see next page) exhibited scant resemblance, if any. 'Both faces are handsome, arrogant and menacing', said the *Mail* helpfully. But the additional judgment that 'either could be the Yorkshire Ripper' could surely now be said of any un-named male face.

The drooping moustache mentioned by Marilyn Moore was mentioned by another witness after the death in April 1979 of Josephine Whittaker, a 19-year-old employee of the Halifax Building Society. A further Photofit was issued, after which a woman in Halifax came forward to say that a few hours before the murder a man of similar appearance had propositioned her in the town centre — driving swiftly away when he received a hostile response.

But very soon afterwards the last Photofit was withdrawn, and the media were asked not to treat any of them as valid identification: a tacit admission that their net result had been to produce confusion in the public mind.

BUT THE police reports suggest that other aspects of the investigation have produced results which might have been fruitfully employed. What is surprising, and potentially alarming, is that the most substantial lines of evidence trace back to an early case which for a long time was not considered seriously as one of the Ripper series. Five years after it happened, the killing of Joan Harrison — on the western side of the Pennines — provides the chief basis for what strategy of detection remains.

Around 9 pm on 21 November 1975 Mrs Harrison left St Mary's Hostel for the Homeless in Preston, Lancashire, and two days later her body was found lying face-down, covered by her coat, in a disused garage. She was 25.

The Preston CID saw no immediate parallel with the death three weeks earlier of 28-year-old Wilma McCann in Leeds, the case which is now listed as the original Ripper murder. Wilma McCann had been stabbed after a hammer-blow to the head. Joan Harrison was kicked to death with extreme violence (though

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Daily Mail, Saturday, December 2, 1978 PAGE 13

Which one is the Ripper?

By IAN SMITH

BOTH faces are handsome and arrogant. Both betray a hint of menace.

Either could be the Yorkshire Ripper, Britain's most wanted killer.

One is a photofit built up by detectives who questioned Marilyn Moore, one of two women who have survived an attack by the man believed to have committed ten murders.

The other is a sketch by Daily Mail artist Margaret Price who spent hours talking to the 28-year-old former prostitute from Bradford.

Marilyn, a mother of four who worked in the notorious Chapeltown area of Leeds, painfully relived the 30-40 minutes she spent with the Ripper.

She said: "I'm sorry, every detail hasn't come back. But the first few minutes are when I closed my eyes and I can't bear to look at it.

Marilyn was picked up by the Ripper in Leopold Street, a dark road with a church. She was taken to Oxford Street, Bramley, and she got into the driver's car.

The Mail artist's sketch

Police photofit of the Ripper

Vicious

It was almost 30 minutes before [illegible]

The face victim can't forget

Marilyn describes her attacker to Margaret Price of the Mail

mutilated body of Wilma McCann. She ripped's first victim, was found in October 1975.

As Marilyn stepped out of the passenger door to get in the back seat, the man walked round the car and struck her on the head with a heavy metal object.

"The next thing I knew was a blinding pain in my head and I screamed and he hit me again shouting 'dirty prostitute

which I felt and he hit me again. As I lost consciousness I think he struck a fourth blow.

Marilyn's skull was fractured and surgeons inserted 54 stitches in her wounds.

Mr George Oldfield, Assistant Chief constable (Crime) for West Yorkshire who is leading the detectives in the hunt for the Ripper said "If anyone recognises either picture or has any

Two of the many differing faces of the Yorkshire Ripper. The police photofit (bottom left) was compiled from the description of survivor Marilyn Moore; the *Daily Mail* artist's impression (above) was based on the same woman's recollections. All police photofits have now been withdrawn.

one head wound was consistent with a hammer blow). Her body had been stripped of jewellery, and a black plastic handbag stolen.

Pathological examination disclosed semen deposits apparently due to vaginal and anal intercourse at around the time of death. Neither in Wilma McCann's case nor with any successor so far has there been such evidence of directly genital activity by the killer.

Roughly 80 per cent of the population secrete blood-cells into body-fluids like semen and saliva, and the Home Office laboratory in Chorley was able to establish that Joan Harrison's killer was one of about six per cent of the male population belonging to blood group B. (Today, more advanced procedures such as the phosphoglucomutase, or PGM, enzyme test might have narrowed the blood group to 0.6 per cent of males.)

Also, on Joan Harrison's left breast there was a pronounced bite mark. This led to the calling-in of John Furness, Liverpool dentist and specialist in forensic odontology.

Forensic odontology is concerned much of the time with identifying air-crash victims through their dentistry. But Furness, who liked to say that 'people can lie through their teeth, but their teeth can't lie' (he died last year) also examined bitemarks left behind by criminals in food or in the bodies of victims.

The odds against any two people with full sets of 32 teeth producing identical bite-marks are supposedly 2.5 billion to one — the same as the odds against identical fingerprints. (Furness's evidence alone was sufficient to secure the conviction of an arsonist. From a single bitemark on an apple, he adduced 36 points of similarity with the accused man's teeth, and the Appeal Court supported a trial judge's ruling that teeth impressions could be given forensic status equivalent to fingerprints.)

At Preston, Furness decided that the tooth-marks on Joan Harrison's breast were recent, and that the bruising gave clear evidence of a gap in the top row. It seems reasonable to ask, after so prolonged a failure, why there has been no publication of so useful a piece of information. A forewarned Ripper might try to get his teeth modified. But a suitably-organised publicity campaign would make it highly dangerous for him even to visit a dentist's surgery with any such request.

BUT WHY DO current police documents treat Joan Harrison's death as a Ripper case, whereas the original investigators did not? The Lancashire police did give saliva tests to about 6,000 men locally — it is a swift, cheap way of checking blood groups — and many others, including the crews of ships berthed in Preston docks, were sought out further afield. The detectives considered that a local man was responsible, and felt confirmed when the victim's missing handbag was found, having been carefully hidden in a refuse-tip 400 yards from the death-site.

But early in 1977, after two more murders in Leeds which followed the Wilma McCann pattern, the Lancashire police felt somewhat shaken, and conferred in detail with West Yorkshire. They had initially assessed the motivation of the Harrison murder as sexual gratification complicated by nothing more than ad-hoc robbery. Now, there seemed to be some similarity with the ritualistic killing of Irene Richardson on 6 January 1977. In both cases the coat had been draped rather elaborately over the body, and the boots, having originally been removed, were replaced with some care over the legs. The body had been posed.

Still, a majority of Lancashire detectives remained unconvinced. Then, just before 1.45 pm on 8 March 1978 someone in Sunderland posted a letter to George Oldfield, assistant chief constable of West Yorkshire. Five days later, another letter was sent to the 'Chief Editor' at the *Daily Mirror* in Manchester. Both were signed 'Jack the Ripper'.

The writer mocked the inability of the police to do anything about the seven murders so far ascribed to him (Jayne MacDonald had by now become the *fourth* Leeds victim, and there had been Patricia Atkinson's case in Bradford and Helen Rytka's in Huddersfield.)

In the published section of Oldfield's letter are the 'regrets' expressed over Jayne MacDonald. West Yorkshire police decline to publish the rest, but the reports which we have seen give the gist of it, together with some direct quotation, and do the same for the letter sent to Oldfield in March last year. 'It gave me fits' is the phrase, in a letter ascribed to the Victorian Ripper, by way of comment upon a published theory that he had escaped detection by using a leather apron to keep himself free from bloodstains. The report quotes the letter-writer to Oldfield as saying that the Photofits 'gave him fits'.

The 1978 letter says the killer will not return to Huddersfield, as it is 'too small' — the mutilated body of 18-year-old Helen Rytka had been found there in a timber-yard only one month before. So far, indeed, there has not been another attack in Huddersfield. And then, the letter names another Yorkshire town as being a place where the Ripper eventually intends to kill someone.

But the point which attracted most immediate attention from the police was the writer's annoyance over suggestions that the Ripper's toll was no more than seven. Had the police forgotten the Preson case in 1975?

AT THIS STAGE, most of the sceptics in the Lancashire force appear to have capitulated. They accepted the letters as the killer's authentic work — and on stylistic and graphological grounds, there can be no doubt that the two letters of March 1978 (and the one letter of March last year) are the work of a single hand. The blood-group and teeth-marks of the Harrison killer thus were added, rather belatedly, to the forensic armoury.

Even more detailed justification arrived with the March 1979 letter. Saliva tests on the first two envelopes had produced no result (often, bacteria from food-particules are present, and spoil the test). But tests on the third envelope were successful, and the blood-group reading was the same as that of the man who killed Joan Harrison.

Just possibly, this could be an extremely impressive coincidence, but again unpublished evidence suggests there is something further to go on. The third envelope, it seems, also exhibited traces of metal particles associated with engineering work: a few days after it was sent, 19-year-old Josephine Whittaker died in Halifax, and in her wounds traces were found of a mineral-oil used in engineering shops.

The fact that the hammer used in several Ripper murders is a 1¼-lb ball-peen type used by engineers has already — to the anger of the police — been published. But what is difficult to understand is why the police have not in fact publicised all of this information, so that in spite of the Photofit failure there might be some public credibility for — and response to — their estimate that the Ripper is likely to be a skilled or semi-skilled manual worker 'with engineering or mechnical connections'.

The *Daily Mirror* report on April 12 1977, which gives the Wearside author of the 'Ripper' letters enough knowledge to perpetrate an elaborate hoax.

The Preston connection

THE body of Mrs. Joan Harrison, 26-year-old mother of two, of East View, Preston, was found in a disused garage on November 23, 1975.

A clue, the nature of which detectives are keeping secret, suggests that the Ripper may have killed 70 miles from his usual haunts.

Another link in the murders is the trans-Pennine motorway between Leeds and Preston.

For many men travel the motorway to pick up girls in the notorious Chapeltown area of Leeds.

Mrs Harrison had left her home two nights previously to spend a night in the town's pubs.

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Together, the connections of blood-group and oil-type are formidable. But they need to be, because there remains one serious objection to the authenticity of the letters which, although it is rather obvious, has not received public recognition.

In the first letter, the writer asserts that the police have not acknowledged the full death-toll: eight, not seven. But the real killer must have known that the body of a ninth victim, Yvonne Pearson, was already lying on a stretch of Bradford wasteland. She vanished on 21 January 1978, and died soon after. Her body was found on 27 March, 19 days after the posting of the first letter in Sunderland.

CONCEIVABLY, there is a demented explanation for the Ripper's leaving the Pearson case unmentioned, despite his grisly ambition to get into the record-books. But again this depends on evidence the police are withholding.

Yvonne Pearson's body, when found, was lying under an old sofa, which had become impaled upon one of her arms *after* the onset of rigor mortis. Beneath the other arm a newspaper had been placed — it had *not* blown there — and it was the *Daily Mirror* of 21 February. Barring the grotesque idea that someone else might have interfered with the body, the inference is that Yvonne Pearson's killer re-visited her body about a month after she was dead.

According to the medical evidence, Jean Royle's body suffered further mutilation 10 days after her death in Manchester, and several hours after her death Helen Rytka's body was moved. There is, then evidence of a necrophiliac pattern in the Ripper's behaviour: just possibly, he is reluctant to 'give away' bodies that are not yet known to anyone but himself.

The publicly-stated case for the authenticity of the Ripper letters is actually less considerable than the undisclosed detail of blood-tests and metal particles. It depends on the argument that they contain information only the killer could possess: such as the 'Preston connection' which had not then been publicly discussed, and the correct statement that Vera Millward (killed Manchester, May 1978) was suffering stomach trouble at the time of death.

Actually, a diligent newspaper-reader could have noticed small articles in both the *Daily Mirror* and the *Yorkshire Evening Post,* mentioning a possible link with Preston. And information about Mrs Millward's health could have come from a *Manchester Evening News* interview with her husband.

ALL OF THIS confirms the case for publishing the letters in full, together with the maximum possible background on their authenticity. As no-one has yet recognised the handwriting, it seems unlikely to produce a connection on its own. But the letters as a whole seem to be a truly eccentric collection of affectations, misspellings, odd punctuations and newspaper borrowings: and some of the most idiosyncratic are still unpublished.

At one point, the writer abuses the police as 'curserred coppers' (*sic*), and elsewhere states that 'the Press have dubbed me a maniac', while assistant chief constable Oldfield is impressed by his cleverness.

Predictably, there are copious references to 'sluts' and 'whores' who will 'never learn', and in Letter 3 the promise to kill 'an old slut' in Bradford. There could be no sense, of course, in applying either the adjective or the noun to Barbara Leach, killed a year ago: but she was a woman, and she was in Bradford, which gives some idea how to assess the meaning of anything in the Ripper letters.

Jack Walker-Lewis, of the Leeds University English Department, has analysed the letters for educational background, and would like to see more portions published along with his report: 'One can very easily say what sort of school he went to and what degree of education he received. I think he was one of the slightly brighter of the more basic pupils, and probably from the secondary-modern era.

'Even if a member of the general public didn't recognise this person's minor illiteracies, it's not at all unlikely that someone who taught him 20 or 30 years ago might, taking all the evidence together, have some memory of him now.' The most striking idiosyncrasy, especially in a manual worker, is an erratic use of the European seven, with a cross-bar. At one murder, he left a bloodstained section of palm-print on a ceramic tile, though it may be too blurred to be of value. Three of his attacks have been linked by combination of cross-ply tyres (India Autoway, Avon Super Safety, Esso E110 and Pneumant), and boot-prints have been found at three murder-sites, so the accumulation of potential evidence is considerable.

CERTAINLY, ill-fortune has been present. The handbag of Jean Royle, killed in November 1977, contained a brand-new £5 note, AW 511 21565, traced to the Midland Bank at Shipley, in the heart of the Ripper's area. It had been part of a run which went almost entirely into payrolls, and for a moment there seemed a chance of a line into the Ripper's workplace. But 10 days passed between Joan Royle's murder and the finding of the body; in the meantime the notes from the Midland Bank had spread untraceably far.

Last year's tape-recording, which enabled Leeds University dialect expert Stanley Ellis to trace the self-styled Ripper's accent to the Wearside village of Castletown, swallowed in Sunderland suburbia, has led to a more elaborate trawl for information. Castletown men have been questioned exhaustively about their cars, their teeth and their handwriting, but as the likelihood seems to be that the Ripper is only 'up North' infrequently, an attempt is being made to trace every male who has lived or worked on Wearside since the 1920s.

This involves using school and birth records, and DHSS computer records. The enterprise was given Civil Service sanction on a one-off basis, but what has not been made quite clear is when the door wedged open for this pressing occasion will be closed. Rather earlier this year Sunderland CID stated that their inquiries had so far involved interviews with 60,000 people, 16,000 vehicle checks, index-entries for 11,000 companies, the taking of 7,000 handwriting specimens and the logging of 5,500 telephone-tips. Last October West Yorkshire produced some figures also: 200,000 people interviewed, 22,000 statements taken, 172,000 vehicle checks, and 25,000 houses visited. (And, as one Sunderland cop remarked quietly to his local paper: 'If we miss out even one or two people, we might as well not do it at all'.)

So massive a trawl could only be mounted — even at a cost of £3 million — now that the benefits of cheap electronic data-processing are becoming available to government and police, on the scale described in recent NS issues. And this leads to two worrying, interrelated issues. First, the over-riding worthiness of the goal has meant that information-gathering has proliferated without restraint, which might have been unpleasant consequences where the purpose of surveillance is less unanimously accepted. Second, it seems possible that the enormous supply of highly-generalised data has swamped the inquiry, while there is direct and specific information lying around unused.

Is this an example of modern policing as a gigantic, useless bureaucratic exercise which is far removed from the idea of co-operation with the community in order to provide the 'crowd' with protection against the crazed and dangerous 'individual'? What can be fairly certainly stated is that cynicism is now widely-spread among the detectives who have been told to keep their profile low. 'Why not?' is the attitude. 'Really, we're back to the old ladies with the tea-leaves'.

It is possible that the Yorkshire Ripper is now a burnt-out case — if so, without an arrest he will achieve his sadistic ambition of entering the record books as another exemplar for lunatics. What is rather more likely is that he will try again, in which case the women of at least one Yorkshire town have surely the right to know that the deranged killer might aim his attack in their direction.

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Tomin comes to England

Dr Julius Tomin will be no stranger to many *New Statesman* readers. Last year we published his anatomisation of the Czechoslovak 'security state'. Since then, with the invaluable help of a number of Oxford philosophy teachers, we have followed the progress of his unofficial but highly reputable 'Patocka University' in Prague. A few days ago, and after a prolonged exposure to police hostility, Julius Tomin and his family decided to come and spend a few years in the West. CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS went to meet them.

Julius Tomin and his wife Zdena Tominova

Billett Potter

IN VLADIMIR NABOKOV's novel *Bend Sinister*, a country in Eastern Europe is taken over by the 'Average Man Party'. This genial outfit has no real policy beyond a rather arid national socialism. But it has a violent hatred of intellectuals. I was reminded of it at the weekend, when I joined in welcoming Julius Tomin and Zdena Tominova to Oxford, where they both hope to pursue their studies and their writing and teaching.

In their last few weeks in Czechoslovakia, they had been through a few final ironies. Julius had been for a final interrogation by the security police, but one which was not marked by any breach of his rights under law. The investigating officer even wished him well, and expressed the hope that he would become internationally famous 'though as a philosopher, not a politician'. Julius replied that he had always lived as a free man in his own country, would continue to do so in the West, and would not bring any discredit on the country to which he hopes to return. The family made their preparations for departure. Then, at the last minute, the police tried to confiscate his doctor's diploma.

His doctor's *diploma?* It should be explained here that Julius Tomin received a doctorate after three years of work on a six year course. The existence of the document, which was signed by leading Czechoslovak academics, refutes the claim of the security police that he 'bought his doctorate'. They waited until after he cleared customs to make their demand, but stubbornness won the day and this bizarre encounter is the last for a few years.

Tomin is unusual among Czech philosophers in having worked for many years as a manual labourer. He was extremely original in his conception of the Communist state in relation to its working class, and feels that some movement akin to the Polish one is a real possibility in his own country. He puts the case something like this.

As a self-proclaimed workers' party, the CP must fill a quota of workers to make up its ranks. The workers are indifferent or hostile to the party (Tomin says that he was the only man in his plant who dared to be seen reading the party paper *Rude Pravo*). But a certain number will risk the cold-shouldering which goes with membership, and will make the transition to white-collar privilege. Once ensconced, they develop an *arriviste* contempt for the class they left behind. And one of their chief pleasures is to use manual labour as a punishment for upstart writers and intellectuals. Tomin points out that this policy — of using industrial work as a punishment — makes it clear not only what the party thinks of intellectuals but also what it thinks of manual labour. (The policy does not always bear fruit — he told me of an abandoned and unstable bridge outside Prague, known as 'the intellectuals bridge' because it was built by disaffected thinkers under a somewhat bovine supervision.)

Tomin is unusual in other ways as well. It is not common, in the countries of Eastern Europe, for people to become converted to Marxism while in prison. But Julius, who was jailed in the fifties for refusing military service, had precisely this experience. He was locked up as a conscientious objector, who held to certain Tolstoyan and Gandhian principles. He decided to use the time to study the enemy philosophy of Marxism. To his surprise — the prison was an antiquated one — the first book he was given was a text entirely devoted to attacking the labour theory of value. Absorbed by this scheme, he asked for a volume of *Capital*. The astonished authorities at first refused this request, and even denied that they had a copy. But, perhaps seeing the absurdity of such a line, one of the senior warders lent Julius his personal library of Marxist canonical material.

It was not until 1978 that he ceased to call himself a Marxist. 'It just seemed ridiculous to be in a position where I was the last Marxist in the whole of Czechoslovakia.' The Charter 77 group — of which Zdena Tominova was the spokesman until earlier this year — still retains its policy of keeping one spokesman for Marxist dissenters (plus one for Christians and one for artists).

He has no prepared answer to the question 'What are your political opinions?'. In his view, the whole Athenian argument about who should rule, and what qualities are necessary for the rulers, is somewhat distracting. 'The job of ruling free people in an unfree state is very difficult and very frustrating. I do not envy the people who have to do it. I could never bring myself to hate or dislike any of the people who interrogated me or my family.' (Considering that his wife was beaten up, and that his children were given a bad time at school. I found the last statement very striking.)

Julius Tomin's desire now is to be left alone with his family, and to pursue his researches into Greek philosophy. These are eagerly awaited by many learned bodies and journals. Tomin spent fifteen years teaching himself Greek, in order to study the original philosophers properly. He was convinced of the necessity of this by his early interest in phenomenology, which brought him into contact with the work of Heidegger and Husserl, but which he found inconclusive. It was Professor Patocka who told him the advice of Husserl himself. 'Learn Greek. There is no other way of going back to the roots.'

I would not want — even if I was competent — to anticipate any of Tomin's philosophical innovations (some of which we hope to have the chance of publishing in these pages). He is attempting a bold re-casting of the relationship between Plato and Socrates, in which Socrates may receive much of the credit that is now denied to him, and which may entail a whole new approach to the political drama of Aristophanes. That, alone, ensures the 'relevance' of his project.

(The Jan Hus Educational Fund supports the Patocka University and welcomes donations at 10 Merton Street, Oxford)

Roger Woddis

Agonising decision

'We don't mix up the two questions of trade and views of the political situation.' — Nicholas Ridley, Foreign Office Minister responsible for Chilean affairs.

Be of good comfort, Master Ridley,
And do pretend to play the man;
We shall this day light such a candle
As shall obscure the lifted ban.

Ill-treatment puts us off our dinner
And torture makes us turn quite pale,
But we'd be mad to lodge a protest
While we've a chance to make a sale.

We can't afford to be selective
Where there is reason to condemn;
No doubt they flog in Russian prisons
(Now what can Britain flog to *them*?)

Electrodes and the *bastinado*,
A mind unhinged, a body flayed —
Such things, however much regretted,
Should never interfere with trade.

Be of good comfort, Master Ridley:
You'd not be where you are today,
If you'd invested in a conscience
Or ever hoped to make it pay.

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BEDROOMS

Bye bye, macho

CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports on modern American sexual fantasies.

THE SUMMER ends, and along the Atlantic shore middle-class ladies pack up their beach cottages — and, reflecting on the fleeting licentiousness that they housed, prepare for the autumn season's dinner parties on the questions that have been troubling the fashionable journals since the appearance of Mr. Gay Talese's beach book. *Thy Neighbour's Wife:* 'Do potent, liberated women want the same thing out of their sex lives as men, and if they do, can American society survive as we know it?'

Talese's book, a nine-year research enterprise that has produced to the first question the answer 'Yes, all women are studs', is now accompanied on the best-seller lists by *Men in Love,* a work of Mrs. Nancy Friday on male American fantasies about women, which conveys a reassuring message on the second question. After inviting readers of her last book to send in their sexual fantasies to a post office box, Mrs. Friday organised the responses into snippets, catalogued them by type of fetish into separate chapters, and concluded that most American men eagerly anticipate a new era of male submissiveness, role reversals, and quaint practices — playing the toilet bowl in the women's restroom, for instance — which will banish the American macho to somewhere south of the Rio Grande.

While the proclivities Mrs. Friday has unearthed are hardly novel, in the past they have been securely restrained within an aristocratic class whose economic prosperity did not depend on keeping a manual grip on the means of production. The same tendencies, if spread to capitalist democracies, pose more serious threats.

Mr. Talese describes, for example, his liberated white-collar hero, the rising manager of a national insurance company, fitting into the workday two simultaneous affairs and declining to hire the most competent job candidates so as to reserve them for his pool of free sexual resources. Another character in the story, a woman who believed her genitalia to be ugly, is so encouraged by a colour slide show featuring the pudenda that she demands a wage increase at work, and gets it. Mrs. Friday's respondents, also mostly middle-class types, appear to dream so continuously of dropping beneath their female co-workers that it is indeed a wonder that in American offices the men ever order the women to do anything constructive.

'Books in which the heroines are swept away and the gents throb . . . will make $250 million this year.'

THE LESSON is unmistakeable to the legion of radical protestants and moral rearmers who have just concluded a well-publicised convention in Dallas. There, to cries of 'hallelujah' and 'Amen', it was resolved that the national loss of productivity, of price stability and of military readiness — key Presidential issues — is due to the Democratic candidate's espousal of the equal rights amendment and other measures which, in emancipating women, have loosened everyone's grip on clean and productive work.

Catherine the Great is the exemplar of aristocratic behaviour in these matters, and, uncomfortably for some feminists perhaps, the model of the potent woman's sexuality. Her insatiable appetite for young men is renowned, as was her caution in recruiting them. She had the Countess Bruce arrange to have each candidate scrupulously examined by the court physician, then interviewed to see whether the fellow could string his words together engagingly, and finally tried out in the countess's own bed for indications of poor stamina and motor control.

If middle-class American women are alleged to match Catherine's appetites, very few observe her caution. Medical evidence here suggests that the probability of veneral contamination is now at least 20 per cent on each occasion individuals have sex with someone other than a consistent partner. And modern American society presents special problems that the narrow court of St. Petersburg did not. There are so many Americans, and they move so constantly — from house to house, job to job, bar to bar — that the pox strains enjoy a vast genetic scope for mutation, and improvement beyond the power of American medicine men to knock them out.

Herpes Genitalis, for example — mention of which can be relied on to put premature end to dinner-party conversation — is today a scourge feared more than Communism, the Mafia or narcotic drugs, for it can be neither easily detected (in women) nor effectively cured. FBI headquarters in Washington, which used to hand out Citizen Detection Kits (Remember: Communists can be overheard quoting Karl Marx! Dope addicts have glassy stares!), is surrounded by sex shops, peep shows and massage parlours, and has no response to the new plague. One needs to display the skull and crossbones over an atom worker's suit if one dares to enter the 'Playground', our little town's club for group sex. 'The devil take the hindmost!' is the view among the club members, which better describes their sexual direction than their apprehension at contracting VD.

WOMEN, who carry the greater anxiety because of the so far undetermined effects of herpes infection on foetal development, signal their concern in the personal columns to which they, no less than men, now resort. Their advertisements in the local swingers' paper emphasise physical hygiene almost as much as dimension and gender:

> Fairfax, Virginia: Bi-female, 29, beautiful, sensual, 5'5", 135 pounds seeks other discreet clean bi-females for erotic good times with her and her husband in their waterbed.

Without attendant physicians, the advertiser and respondents presumably rely on each other's words.

But there are signs that the sexual economy is responding inventively to the predicament by marketing the necessities of hygiene into a newly fashionable style of sex — 'fantasies' in Mrs. Friday's parlance, 'solitary fulfilment' in Mr. Talese's, or masturbation for short.

While Talese claims to have discovered that American sexuality has been liberated from the constraints of morality or marriage, and that emancipated women will have a shy fellow's pants down before he can say 'Jack Robinson!' that discovery is already as obsolete as the V-8 engine. The established middle and upper-middle classes are abandoning public genital entanglements in favour of Mr Talese's original working-class preference — self masturbation — while the upwardly mobile groups Talese represents arrive late at the party in time to catch the disease.

A brand new work, just off the presses, celebrates the chic — *New Celibacy: Why More Men And Women Are Abstaining From Sex — And Enjoying It.* Extract from one interviewee, a female dancer: 'I feel a great deal more myself — like this is who I really am.' Married couples report transcending their flesh: 'celibacy kind of lets us be spiritual together.' 'When we have sex again,' a wife said after three years of abstinence with her husband, 'we don't want it to be a downer but an act of worship.'

Mr Talese has earned at least $3.5 million for his labours, Mrs. Friday a fraction less. But to put the capitalism of sex into proper perspective, the book industry catering to women's demands for unexplicit fantasies and romances is far more lucrative. The market for books in which the heroines are swept away and the gents throb, but in which pudenda are never mentioned, will generate at least $250 million this year and much more next.

Perhaps NS readers will recall T.E. Lawrence's correspondence with Robert Graves regarding the superiority of the vicarious over the real, and will have judged Lawrence the weird one for declaring:

> I haven't ever and don't much want to. 1¾ minutes was the bishop's remark (*in a sermon on the length of intercourse, which had impressed Lawrence*). Judging from the way people talk it's transient, if 2¾ or 3¾ (minutes) or 3 hours plus ¾s. So I don't feel I miss much: and it must have a dirty feeling, too.

SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT

The pressures of modern life tend to distract our attention from fundamental realities. There is a spiritual basis to life which many of us are now ignoring at the cost of our happiness and security. There are some eternal verities behind the teachings of all religions. In your own interest, learn something about these from THEOSOPHY, the Ageless Wisdom Religion.

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London Diary

I yield to anybody in my admiration for Mr Nicholas Ridley MP, junior minister at the Foreign Office. I rather think that I could carve a better man out of a banana. Since he has been in the news this week, I feel justified in telling two perfectly nasty and revealing stories about him.

Earlier this summer, a much-abused inner London comprehensive arranged for a group of children to bicycle across the United States from Seattle to Boston. Various trusts and individuals chipped in to finance the idea. Among the party were two Nigerian-born twin girls in council care. The entire event was very well planned, in concert with the Wheelmen of America. Just before they set off, they got the local MP to ask the Foreign Office to notify consular points along the route (this being a way to reassure parents, sponsors etc). A letter from Nicholas Ridley is before me. It was he who replied, saying:

> I must tell you frankly that we view the proposed expedition with disquiet.

He went on to make various alarmist noises about distance, speed and so on, closing with a warning that consular facilities would not extend to medical expenses. This upset some parents, but the spirit of Drake and Hudson (so often invoked by Ridley when addressing small businessmen) prevailed. A few days ago all the party returned having had a whale of a time, having not troubled the British consulates, and having been feted by almost every American mayor and governor en route. Another triumph for enterprise.

If these children had been facing the pincers and blowlamps of the Chilean secret police, they would probably have got the same letter about medical facilities at the British consulate. Ridley seems positively to have enjoyed his role in downplaying the case of a tortured British citizen. Amnesty International, who had an official meeting with the man, tell me that he has in the past claimed that the secret police in Chile have been abolished. (Any fool knows that they were swiftly re-named once the initials of DINA became notorious.) Amnesty also point out that the British mission at the UN voted in favour of a report which said that human rights had *deteriorated* in Chile recently. Yet Ridley, in his anxiety to reopen the embassy and issue export credits, keeps insisting that human rights are 'improving'. At one stage, Amnesty wondered whether the British envoy in Santiago had been asked his opinion on the great improvement in civil liberty. One of Ridley's officials replied that public spending cuts made that sort of communication difficult.

If the General Council of the TUC had brains made out of dynamite, they probably couldn't produce an explosion big enough to blow off their hairpieces. And if they had principles made of TNT, they could detonate them in the same place without blinking. This thought is prompted by the appalling attitude of the platform at Brighton to the motion supporting Charter 77. The TUC is ready to pass political motions (though not to act on them) about anywhere else. Why not Prague? A possible answer is suggested by a friend of mine who was recently in that great city, and found himself swept aside by a motorcade, sirens and whistles blaring. He inquired the name of the dignitary in the black limousine, and was told it was Ray Buckton of ASLEF.

I've had a lot of arguments lately with people who think that you mustn't 'join hands with the Right' in criticising, say, Babrak Karmal or Edward Gierek. Life becomes hard for this kind of apologist, of course, when the wind changes and the Karmals and Giereks are themselves exposed as unreliable elements. But it's not that which makes the basic argument a feeble one. I looked up George Orwell on the subject. Bear in mind that he was writing when many 'radical intellectuals' doubted if it was worth fighting against fascism.

> These things really happened, that is the thing to keep one's eye on. They happened even though Lord Halifax said they happened. The raping and butchering in Chinese cities, the tortures in the cellars of the Gestapo, the elderly Jewish professors flung into cesspools, the machine-gunning of refugees along the Spanish roads — they all happened, and they did not happen any the less because the *Daily Telegraph* has suddenly found out about them when it is five years too late.

In Orwell's time lived and wrote Patrick Hamilton. Why is he not published any more? His social picture is rather similar to Orwell's; his comic inventiveness rather superior. *The Slaves of Solitude* is one of the finest English novellas I have ever read. I'm reading *Hangover Square* at the moment, which contains the arresting line:

> He was going to kill her, and then he was going to Maidenhead, where he would be happy.

Can anyone tell me where to find some copies for friends? I've borrowed a wartime American first edition, which says on its dust-jacket that the book has been a hit in Britain and that 'the conservative *New Statesman* hailed it'. Praise indeed.

Nobody has a higher opinion of Milton Friedman than I do, and I think he's utterly chronic. There is one ground on which I would *not* have thought of attacking him, and that is his Jewishness. The *Daily Telegraph,* however, is not so fastidious. In a rambling and colourful editorial a few days ago, it said that those who criticised the present cabinet as 'monetarist' might

> thereby imply that the Government is following the doctrinaire advice of a foreign Jew instead of well-tried home-brewed remedies.

Not just a Jew, but a foreigner! This after lunch effort did not escape the eye of the *Jewish Chronicle,* which rang up and got (I could have warned them) Mr Colin Welch. He defended monetarism all right, but went on to say that the phrase

> is the sort of thing one hears in private conversations. We are simply quoting something in the air. People would say of Friedman; 'he's only a foreigner.' They might not say the word 'Jew' but they probably have it in the back of their mind.

The back of a monetarist mind is not, in my experience, a very great distance from the front. It's invaluable to have this testimony of the atmosphere in Tory circles, and when I say from the horse's mouth I *mean* from the horse's mouth. As long as the British people are bullyragged and impoverished by their own officer corps, that's all right. But you can't expect them to take orders from — well, 'nuff said.

This is the age of the train. Oxford station, Sunday night. London train an hour delayed, no refreshments at the midnight hour. Train arrives, and a rather drunk man getting into first class attacks the weary guard for the delay. This is too much for the guard, a nice guy, who has worked an extra shift due to staff shortage. He stops train at Didcot and says it stays until the offender gets off. Deadlock. I attempt to mediate. Heckled by working-class boozers who want the unfortunate left behind. Supported in my efforts to reason with guard by rather pompous young man who claims to be 'a personal friend of Sir Peter Parker' (Hah! Fat lot of good *that* is). Police arrive; station master a bit of a twit who says that the whole thing is out of his hands. I retire, despised by all sides, as the drunk is put off the train. Reflect on microcosm of class hatred under Thatcherism. No taxis or tubes at Paddington.

Look here. If we must have the Pope visiting the country, then so be it. But our press has been behaving as if a mass conversion had already taken place. In particular *The Times,* in a poppycock editorial, actually said that the differences between Canterbury and Rome were mere matters of nice definition and detail. Not even an atheist is as philistine as that about the matter. As an atheist myself, I prefer Mr Justice Smith who this week reluctantly sentenced two killers for manslaughter. They had kicked and beaten a woman to death in the course of a spurious exorcism (they got three years). The judge in his summing up described them as 'Christians in every sense of the word'. I think I know what he meant.

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

To the outsider, the best characteristic of Adnams is its firm hostility to trade unions. A director told me: 'We don't allow our staff to join a union. We don't allow union representatives to address the staff on our premises, or in one of our pubs. And to hold a union meeting in a church hall simply isn't on.' — *Spectator* (Mark Wilson)

Inflation and spending cuts have forced the rewriting of a fairy tale. Because of cash restrictions imposed by Wolverhampton council, the Open Air Theatre Company has lost some members and will stage 'Snow White and the Two Dwarfs'. — *Daily Telegraph* (F. Midgley)

The manual, which details ways of ambushing roads, railway lines and airports, as well as giving advice on arms and explosives, was mentioned in the *Daily Telegraph* last week. 'We were inundated with calls from *Telegraph* readers ordering the book direct from us,' said Christie. — *Guardian* (G. Moor)

Mr Davis shudders at the suggestion that there should be only one examination board for the whole country. 'It's the way to a police state,' he said. — *Daily Express* (P. Clark)

A little bit of truth goes out of life each day *The Times* does not appear. — Letter in *Guardian* (Ruth Lister)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Climbing frames: two views

From Maire Davies

Rick Rogers (NS 29 August) says 'it is easy to deride the Leach position', meaning Penelope Leach's 'defence' of mothering in *Who Cares?* Yes, it is easy, especially if, like Rick Rogers, you are not a mother at home with young children. If, like me, you *are* a mother at home it is easy to get fed up with being derided, and to applaud the Leach position. I am very grateful that Dr Leach has had the guts, professionally speaking, to put forward my point of view for me — and I know many other mothers who feel the same.

Dr Leach is not urging mothers to reject facilities that don't exist. She knows perfectly well that they don't exist and says so in chapter two. She is saying that, contrary to what many people think, the majority of mothers of under-fives are not out at work: three million children are looked after full-time by their mothers and/or families; only 172,000 have mothers who work more than 30 hours a week. Mothers who care for their own children — some with a bit of part-time help — are, says Dr Leach, doing a good job which should be recognised. Her modest suggestion that mothers should be helped to continue caring for the under-threes in particular, far from being 'romantic revisionism', is actually the basis of the much more enlightened maternity leave arrangements, of one to three years, found in other European countries such as Sweden, France, Italy and Eastern Europe, but not here.

55 Warren Road, London E4

From Helen Penn

I am grateful that the NS has seen fit to include a review on a domestic non-issue, namely the review of books on pre-school provision. However, I cannot agree that Bruner's book is as seminal as the review has suggested. Implicit in his research is the notion that the mother-child relationship is the essential key to all later development. This is an anti-feminist and exclusively individualistic approach to child development. It may be typical of current work in developmental psychology, but it is neither attractive nor relevant in a book signposting the future.

The criticism is worth making strongly because the current orientation of pre-school provision, and one which Bruner implicitly endorses, is that working mothers are to be suffered, but what is really needed is to encourage/support/teach mothers with young children to stay at home. Under-fives do get a raw deal in a country like Britain where there is a high percentage of women at work and an appallingly low level of provision for their young children. In particular, it is children from already disadvantaged groups, such as single parents or ethnic minority families, who are likely to have the poorest care. Bruner's book has concentrated on child-care in rural middle-class Oxfordshire, which, as he admits, has one of the lowest percentages of mothers in employment in the country. Research into child-care in this country is narrow and blinkered. There is, for instance, no research on the positive aspects of collective care for young children. Children are seen as isolated individuals responding to isolated women and Bruner does nothing to challenge this.

National Child Care Campaign, 33 Mundania Road, London SE22

Freight fêted

From G. Myers

Like everyone else involved in the industry of this country, British Rail Freight business is suffering severely from the recession. But Mick Hamer's article (NS 5 September) contains serious errors of fact and of judgment. Firstly, Freightliners is part of the Board's freight business, and talk of Freightliners 'wresting contracts from BR' is nonsense. The reason that Freightliners was brought back into BR ownership was precisely so that it could take the traffics for which its product was the most suitable. Essentially it is BR's principal means of serving the large door-to-door market by use of containers, where a road journey is necessary.

But it is only one of BR's freight marketing products, carrying some five per cent of the total freight tonnage moved by rail. The essential task of freight management over the past five years has been to develop modern profitable products for each of its market sectors and to make them grow out of the old Victorian network of marshalling yards, terminals and old, small, inefficient wagons. It calls for a total change in the nature of the business and is no mean management task. The process is now about half completed with the new product — trainload business direct from factory to customer; Freightliner for container traffic, and SPEEDLINK for wagonload business becoming increasingly effective.

SPEEDLINK and trainload services, like Freightliner, are both profitable but there is still a large rump of the old wagonload system which loses money. The pay and productivity agreement made with the Unions this year will go a long way to completing the change in the nature of the freight business and eliminate loss-making activities as a result of greatly improved productivity.

The fact that the management of BR has managed to change a loss of nearly £70m in 1975 into 'break even' in 1978 and 1979 for the freight and parcels businesses does not suggest a 'short sighted management which is unable to take opportunities and develop new markets'. Of course the loss of 'core' traffics like coal, steel and oil causes severe short term financial problems. But behind this there are any number of marketing initiatives to broaden the traffic base. For example, we have doubled train ferry traffic with the Continent over the past five years and plan to make it grow a further fourfold in the years ahead; 25 per cent of all traffic in SPEEDLINK services has been won from road; we are breaking into the import car market, contrary to Mr Hamer's assertions.

Finally, Mr Hamer mentions organisational problems, and the real difficulties of controlling a business where responsibility for costs lies separately from freight management. Contrary to the assertion that the idea of a separate Railfreight business is being resisted by freight management, it is they who are in the forefront of trying to achieve it and are working wth the other departments of the Board to do so. The first step towards this was the 1974 Railway Act separation of accounts at national level for Passenger and Non-Passenger businesses. The second step was the setting with Government of our 'interim Freight Target' this year. Separation is a difficult and complex task, but we believe it can and will be achieved.

British Railways Board, Euston Square, PO Box 100, London NW1.

Free reply

From Sally Emerson, Editor of Books and Bookmen

If *Books and Bookmen* were still in print I would be happy to accept the proffered resignation of our and your contributor Christopher Hitchens (NS 5 September). Strange that, although Diana Mosley has recorded personal impressions of Goebbels in a previously much publicised *Books and Bookmen* (June 1978) and although the article now vilified has been on the streets for almost two months, Hitchens was not moved to withdraw his services until unhappily there is no magazine left to withdraw from.

I will not go through every cheap innuendo and use of quotation in his piece. I must, however, rebut his false assertion that the editorial staff were for ever wanting to be rid of Diana Mosley's regular monthly contributions. Of course I did not always share her views, any more than I always share the views of our other contributors Paul Foot, Michael Foot, Tariq Ali and your own Duncan Campbell.

Books and Bookmen's unique place in the magazine world owed much to its preference for writers with direct experience or commitment over those offering academic objectivity. Could *anyone* really be deceived into reading a Diana Mosley review about Goebbels as an objective account?

Top of Hitchens's list of her crimes is that she calls Goebbels 'clever and witty'. Those who believe that men associated with montrous crimes must necessarily be monsters in their private lives should stick to war comics. When the next set of monsters come along they won't be the one to find them out.

Books and Bookmen, 2 & 4 Old Pye Street, London SW1

Exile's reply

From Ivan Himmelhoch

In reply to your correspondents Ackermann and Hendry (NS 5 September) I have to concede that their standpoint is so unusual and odd that I really do not know how to deal with it. I can cope easily with those who reprimand me for showing such naiveté in working for the SA government. Those, on the other hand, who have criticised me for revealing what work I had done, can also be dealt with in face to face contacts. Those, the overwhelmingly majority, who have congratulated me present no problem at all. But how is one supposed to react to someone who not only condemns my work for BOSS but also opposes my having spoken out?

How would they react to Ulrich Kahn, a leading south German pacifist and friend, who volunteered to join the new post-war German army and accepted instructions on how to kill and maim? It was this very over-exposure to something evil that was the catalyst in making him a pacifist. So too with me. It was my close involvement with the SA state that had the same effect on me.

Your correspondents remark that my 'actions *may* have contributed to the oppression, detention and even deaths of those opposing apartheid'. I have not lost a moment's sleep worrying about something so ridiculous. Any personal contacts I may have had, and they can be counted on the fingers of one hand, can never return to South Africa, and we never spoke about anyone living in South Africa.

In conclusion let me suggest that Ackermann and Hendry reread Martin Bailey's article (NS 15 August). Then, if they are able to forget the bitter student-political rivalries that existed between us, and would be prepared to meet me, it would be greatly welcomed.

Hofir, London Road, Apsley, Herts.

Exempt old people's dwellings?

From Roy Hattersley MP

Monica Ferman (NS 22 August) writes that the 'Secretary of State can, if so minded,' grant exemption from the compulsory sale of old people's dwellings as specified in the amendment that the government was forced to accept, implying that exemption is within the Secretary of State's discretion. That is not so. The Secretary of State has no choice. He is obliged to exempt all genuine old people's accommodation whenever a local authority asks him to do so. Nor does the absence of a 'time limit set for the Secretary of State to reply' to such a request undermine the protection the Labour Party gained for old people's dwellings. Until the Secretary of State replies the local authority can keep in its possession all the property it claims to be covered by the 6 August amendment.

In her introduction to her inaccurate account of the amendment contents Ms Ferman refers to 'a lunch in a St James's hotel' at which she claims the Secretary of State and I 'agreed that the government would accept a House of Lords amendment'. No such lunch ever took place. To suggest that it did is the product of either ignorance or malice.

House of Commons, London SW1

Information wanted

Recollections of trade unionists who were active in the inter-war years, particularly in the London area.

Nicholas Warner, 9 Connaught Avenue, Chingford

Apology to Michael Gillespie whose appeal for contemporary myths was published over the wrong address. He is actually at

14 Stratford Villas, London NW1

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

John Willett

Lovers & Geniuses

Isadora and Esenin by GORDON McVAY *Macmillan* £15

Printed in royal blue, the dust-jacket shows a ritzy hotel bedroom with statuary, flowers, a large mirror and electro-lure. Décolletée in a satiny evening dress, a beautiful woman leans over the right shoulder of a handsome young man with curls and a bow-tie; his hand is poised on his knee and holds a cigarette. Across the ersatz gold, 19th-century, the title ISADORA & ESENIN.

Can the camera lie? It can certainly wrap a book and tell a story. Look at the pictures! The draped figure of Isadora on stage, her arms extended in a universal embrace; Isadora dancing (yes, indeed) the *Marseillaise;* Isadora as Mother, wearing her lovely *Inconnue de la Seine* expression as she looks tenderly at the camera. The more matronly Isadora among her Moscow pupils, 30-odd small, barefoot children in smocks, many of them with fingers and/or bobbed hair. The wedding day, Isadora in the centre, opulent, satisfied, chin proudly up as her bridesmaid-daughter-assistant, Irma looks nervously away at her bouquet, while Esenin, a little apart, turns towards them on his toes with one white-shod leg thrust forward and the fingers on his left hand lightly resting on his pocket.

A contrast: jolly Moscow bohemia of the 1920s; fast girls and long-jawed men in a dingy-looking flat; and a liberated Irma, the other two not there. Away in capitalist Venice a second chin appears; the lady looks larger, the white-suited husband younger and more sulky and a cornered college-boy. Then the tragedy in Petrograd: an even younger Esenin in his braces lying on a flowery bedspread, a terribly puzzled expression on his face: dead. Two days later, seen from the same angle, he lies no less puzzled, submerged in his coffin as in a bath, an old man. His lips are thinner, his hair straight and slightly wet — perhaps from his friend's tears . . .

Gordon McVay's account of the short but eventful relationship between Isadora Duncan and Sergei Esenin is not so much a sequel to his earlier life of the Russian poet as an expansion of two of its chapters. Like that excellent study, the new book represents a careful marshalling of the copious and sometimes conflicting evidence — newspaper reports from several countries, published reminiscences of varying reliability, interviews with surviving witnesses and so on — backed up by detailed notes and evocative illustrations. It too is judicious without ever being dull. There is some overlap between the two books: a number of the illustrations, for instance, are the same, as are several of the verse translations (all quotations are given in English only) and the slightly nauseating opening account of Isadora caressing Esenin's golden curls. But *Isadora and Esenin* seems as sensible an examination of the whole near-legendary affair as we are likely to get.

The real love story here is not so much that of the couple themselves as that of Isadora Duncan's love — calf-love, or possibly cow-love, it might be called — for the Russian Revolution. She had been in the country some half-a-dozen times before the first world war, and when the revolution broke out (February or October, it is not clear which), she donned her red tunic and 'danced with a terrible fierce joy'. She was in fact a copybook instance of Revolutionary Romanticism, seeing the Russian events as a crystallisation of all that she confusedly believed in: the teachings of Buddha and Christ, 'the prophecies of Beethoven, of Nietzsche, of Walt Whitman', the whole lofty, cloudy, billowy humanitarianism that also underlay German Expressionism. This rather blowsy corpus of ideas — which fits all too well with the draped lady whom we see dancing expressively (but limitedly) in the illustrations — is something that she shared, despite all intellectual differences, with the Commissar responsible for the arts, A.V. Lunacharsky. 'I want to dance for the masses', she wrote to him, 'for the working people who need my art . . .' Lunacharsky thereupon, if we can believe her account, invited her to come to Moscow and set up a dance school for Soviet children.

Here was her chance to realise her old ideal of 'the free spirit, who will inhabit the body of new woman, more glorious than any woman that has yet been'. She arrived in Moscow at the end of July 1921, just as the country was going over to the stringencies of the New Economic Policy; none the less she got her school, with some 30 or 40 pupils, and an émigrée ballerina's house in which to start it. In the event she does not seem to have had much to do with the children, leaving the teaching rather to her adopted daughter Irma and other collaborators, and confining herself to now and again floating inspiringly through. Mostly she gave dance recitals, portraying not merely the Slav spirit (to music by Chopin or Tchaikovsky) but also 'plastic illustrations of revolutionary songs' such as 'With Courage, Comrades, March in step' or the *Internationale* itself, which she would dance with one breast exposed; when Lenin died she 'created' two funeral marches. Tairoff supported her, as did Stanislavsky, possibly on her past record and in view of her prewar affair with Gordon Craig. But she was now 44, and other contemporary accounts of her performances were fairly devastating. Meyerhold for one is quoted as calling them 'absolutely out-of-date and for us totally obsolete'.

To match this expression of her passionate enthusiasm for the new Russia — a form of eurhythmic gush, it seems to have been, of a quite uncritical and ultimately rather Californian kind — she was also ready for an appropriate new lover. 'Ah, youth and spring, and Budapest and Romeo!' she had exclaimed at the beginning of a rather more youthful affair in Hungary some 20 years earlier, and the 'autumnal voraciousness' (in Mr McVay's words) which now seized her in Moscow had much of the same Grouchoesque abandon.

Sergei Esenin, the 25-year-old poet whose soul her own soul 'soared out and met' towards the end of 1921, was arguably a genius — 'All my lovers have been geniuses,' she later told Walter Duranty, in a phrase that recalls Alma Maria Mahler; 'it's the one thing on which I insist' — but for all his egotism he was not good at looking after himself, and in Maxim Gorky's view she was the worst possible kind of woman for him. To her his golden locks apparently so recalled a Raphael angel and her own prematurely dead son Patrick as to be the very embodiment of that 'future community of International love' which lay at the heart of her commitment to the Revolution. He was a peasant, he was a poet, he was instinctively an anarchist, yet he could personally approach the revolutionary leaders. 'Here is young Russia!' she once told another American interviewer in one of her rare fits of comparative realism. 'Mad as a hatter, strong, full of vitality. Poetic!'

They were together for just two years, and it is a moot point whether Esenin would have stuck it as long as he did if most of that time

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had not been spent off his home ground. In the spring of 1922 however Germany and Russia normalised their relations by the Rapallo Treaty, and within a matter of weeks Isadora and he had obtained exit permits, got married, made their wills, taken the first regular Moscow-Königsberg flight and joined the sudden influx of Soviet artists and intellectuals in Berlin. Here the drinking, the rowdiness, the violent quarrels and the highly unfavourable press reports began, only to become very much worse six months later when the couple arrived in America. Of course all this still in a sense makes entertaining, or at any rate spectacularly erratic reading, enlivened by such incredible backwoods figures of the Prohibition era as Mayors Curley of Boston and Shank of Indianapolis, whose views on womanhood, nudity and the like would put anyone — even a husband — on Isadora's side. At the same time it was deeply tragic.

The drink and the publicity demolished Esenin, much as it later demolished Dylan Thomas (with whom Mr McVay sees a certain parallel). And Isadora too, even if she was not actually by then an alcoholic, drank like a fish, needing (according to her impresario Sol Hurok) 'a bottle of champagne, or at least of whisky or bourbon before she went on stage', and apparently not doing any exercises at all. Her most quoted criticisms of the United States on leaving were of the quality of the bootleg liquor. 'I will go back to Moscow', she told her audience in Chicago, 'where there is vodka, music, poetry and dancing . . . Oh, yes, and Freedom!'

Once Esenin had returned to his own country the marriage too broke up. Nor did either of the partners long survive it, Esenin killing himself in 1925 while Isadora went for her fatal drive in the Bugatti some two years later. She had left Russia following a week of farewell performances just a year after their return, effectively abandoning her Moscow school (which continued, rather amazingly, as the Isadora Duncan Studio until 1949, under some of the original pupils who had kept 'radiant memories' of her rare visits). It appears that she was under considerable money difficulties, though the few fascinating details given by Mr McVay — Esenin abstracting an attaché case full of dollars, for instance — do not add up to anything like a full enough picture of this important part of the story. Meanwhile Esenin himself, for all the signs of breakdown on which his friends remarked, was still inspiredly writing; the late poem 'Grubym daetsia radost' for instance, which Mr McVay quotes (in translationese), is curiously like the early Brecht. Mr McVay refers to contemporary Soviet efforts to gloss over the poet's sickness and stress his apparent reconcilation with the new state and its national traditions. More interestingly and much more convincingly, his own book brings out both aspects of Esenin's final phase: the doomed man, reinforced in his distrust of the foreign cultures that had helped destroy him, trying to go back to the Russia of his roots: a bare landscape with 'a scraggy old nag flicking its tail in the wind'.

On a more banal level the book poses a small but intriguing problem. Though issued in England by a different publisher, *Isadora and Esenin* is physically an almost exact counterpart of *Esenin*, its precursor of 1976. Both books are copyright by somebody called Ardis, and printed in the USA. And both have that unforgettable smell of Soviet bindings and glues as they used to be in the unregenerate days before the English editors of the Collected Marx persuaded the comrades to change them. Yes, there are interesting possibilities in left-wing bibliophilia . . . .

Helen McNeil

New Worlds

Diana of the Crossways by GEORGE MEREDITH *Virago* £2.50
The Odd Women by GEORGE GISSING *Virago* £2.50
An Unsocial Socialist by G. BERNARD SHAW *Virago* £2.50
Ann Veronica by H. G. WELLS *Virago* £2.50

On the BBC recently, Fay Weldon told Melvyn Bragg that male novelists have never written a convincing woman character. What, never? Well, hardly ever. I think I understand this line of argument; after all, being understood by the more swinish sex must be even more degrading than not being understood. But Meredith and Gissing's heroines are not only convincing, they actually look more modern than the depictions of women by most 20th-century male authors. Their contemporaneity may, however, be a by-product of Virago's adventurous publishing policy. When a 95-year-old novel is printed in Virago's green covers, it becomes 'modern': the sheer fact of its appearance amounts to a

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feminist reassessment. Yet if these four novels yield a moral, it is that in novels about women a strange crossing of artistic and social development seems to have led to a lessening of range for both. In Meredith, as in Hawthorne, James and Flaubert, the heroine is both an alien symbolic type and the intimately perceived artistic self. While the male protagonists of late 19th-century fiction broke into doubles or divided selves, complex heroines could still display integrated and expressive selves. The male novelist who wanted to write of the life of feeling very often spoke as a woman, since speaking as a man involved intolerable repressions. Like the artist, the woman had instinctive, inclusive knowledge without the power to act. Since Victorian woman were in fact socially, economically, and psychologically alienated from men, a break had to come. From the turn of the century, women became 'the woman issue', the 'New Woman,' a promotable literary 'topic' and an economic and sexual threat. After the break, it's the squabbles in D. H. Lawrence's *Women In Love* that ring true, not the pawky phallicising of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

George Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways* (1885) shows wit incarnate as woman. Diana is so brilliant and beautiful that Meredith at times simply hands his novel over to her to write. Her maiden name, said to come from her Irish wit father Dan Merion, amalgamates the names of Meredith and Sheridan, who was a grandfather of novelist Caroline Norton, one of Meredith's models for Diana. Like the adulterous women whom Tony Tanner discussed in *Adultery in the Novel,* Diana (who is accused of adultery) images Meredith's creative self, an empathy all the more impressive since, as Lorna Sage points out in her Introduction, the other model for Diana was Meredith's unhappy and unfaithful first wife, who inspired his embittered sonnet sequence 'Modern Love'.

Although Diana's style is extraordinary, her fate is contingent. Wit and action diverge. Her excellence of mind even seems to provoke disasters in life, a discrepancy brought home structurally by lack of connection between Meredith's compact, metaphor-jammed quotations from Diana and his unemphatic, almost underdetermined plot. After a sexual approach from her best friend's husband, Diana rushes into a bad marriage, then bolts and has to do her long growing up in public. As Meredith says, 'Rogues and policemen, or a hurried change in front of all the actors, are not part of our slow machinery'.

Diana enters the novel as something written in other people's diaries. Soon she speaks, sings, and then writes — first letters, to her dear friend, Lady Dunstane, then journalism, then ever-better novels, followed by a retreat via a journalistic 'betrayal' back to letters, song and speech. Fabricated by language, she then fabricates herself. Since Meredith can't bear to write description (characters can remark on a man's epaulettes before Meredith has bothered to tell us he is wearing a coat) he hands over the task of describing Percy Dacier to Diana, who also loathes 'the Drop-scene brush' of descriptive writing, but who wittily sketches in the mannerisms of 'the young Minister of State' as she soon calls Dacier in her own novel about him. Like Meredith, Diana is easier with friendship than with passion, which she says, threatens to become sentimental 'pathos and clown-babble'. Diana's 'art' novel, aptly named *The Cantatrice,* proves, like many of Meredith's novels, too highly styled for its audience. 'She had an anticipatory sense of its failure; and she wrote her best, in perverseness.' Some critics attack Meredith-Diana's 'tendency to polysyllabic phraseology' as insufficiently Anglo-Saxon. *Diana of the Crossways,* however, established Meredith in the front line of English novelists, because its critics did understand it. W. E. Henley noted that Diana Merion 'suggests Mrs Norton, it is true, but she suggests Mr George Meredith still more'.

Since *Diana of the Crossways* doesn't begin to argue a case for women in general, Meredith's contemporaries didn't see it as feminist. Instead, Meredith's collusion with his muse-genetrix makes Diana one of the great free spirits of English fiction. The reader is released to follow Diana's uneven career without the slightest ironic condescension, since, like the heroine of John Fowles's novella *The Enigma,* Diana appears to have invented her story as a brilliant, if bitter, joke.

After *Diana of the Crossways,* George Gissing's *The Odd Women* (1893) has a dutiful look about it. Yet, except for some plot tidying at the end, Gissing never goes for the easy solution. Rhoda Nunn, the intellectual New Woman, falls in love and unbends almost enough to marry. Gissing criticises her narrow-minded class consciousness and her moral double standard much more sharply than her anti-masculine rhetoric, and he shows her developing into a deeply flawed woman who nevertheless can still help her sisters. No happy endings are offered for the 'odd', unmarriageable women who slaved as servants, nannies, and shop girls, because in the context of Victorian economic exploitation, none were available. A few 'odd women' might take the difficult, realistic path of progress by learning secretarial skills at a school like that run by Rhoda and Mary Barfoot. Their triumph is to be able to live a useful single life with dignity.

When Kegan, Paul, Tench & Co turned down George Bernard Shaw's *An Unsocial Socialist* (1884), they wrote that 'it suffers, in our opinion, from the fatal defect in a novel, of not being interesting'. As a novel, *An Unsocial Socialist* shows Shaw's good sense in giving up novels immediately after writing it. Read as fragments of anarchic comedy, *An Unusual Socialist* can be wildly funny and occasionally wise, as when millionaire socialist Sidney Trefusis disguises himself as a rustic clown in order to hide from the clinging wife who has been stupefying him with sex, or when Trefusis offers a prophetic analysis of England's fate if Free Trade is combined with a last-ditch attempt to avoid socialism (mass unemployment, low productivity and expatriate moneyed classes are only the start).

In H. G. Wells's *Ann Veronica,* a clever, attractive, young New Woman frees herself rather too completely from the constraints of her conservative suburban upbringing. Wells's elbow-joggingly omniscient narrator uses heavy-handed satire of Utopian vegetarians, aesthetic socialists and hysterical suffragettes to clear the way for an essentially Naturalist view of his heroine. Wells purported to be writing about emancipation, but what he described was availability. A vigorous young woman like Ann Veronica, living alone, in need of money, full of naive idealism, and lacking guidance, is, naturally, sexually approachable. Wells blows the moral cover of the New Woman by revealing that she can be had, and you don't have to marry her either. 'O brave new world, that hath such people in't', is the cry, spoken this time by a man.

After some sobering — and well described — incidents that alert Ann Veronica to the seamy side of the free London life she is trying to lead, Wells has her fall in love with her biology teacher, Capes, a married man whose wife doesn't understand him. Ann Veronica and Capes run away together to the Alps. Ann who shortly before had been planning study beyond her anticipated B.Sc., now wishes that 'I could roll my little body up small and squeeze it into your hand'.

Suddenly it is 'four and a quarter' years later; Capes and 'Vee', as Ann Veronica is now called, are 'Mr and Mrs Capes'. Divorce is vaguely and unconvincingly alluded to for half a sentence. The ex-ambitious Vee, 'a woman now to the tups of her fingers', is inspecting her neat parlour 'with the roaming eye of a capable but not devoted housemistress'. A house-mistress of the sort he set up with Catherine Robbins and then Amber Reeves and then Rebecca West. The 'marriage' veils the *ménage,* a sleight of hand made the more exciting if the little woman once had brains. Capes, we are told, has traded biology for pseudonymous scribbling, and Vee looks 'supremely beautiful' because she is just a little pregnant. Having accidently run into Vee's father, Capes has invited him to dinner. Vee wonders how he smoothed it so well with Daddy. 'The fact of it is,' I said, 'I'm the new playwright, Thomas More. Perhaps you've heard — ?' 'Oh, in the case, it's all right, innit?' Since Ann Veronica represents a whole class of young women, her crudely disguised unholy wedlock is politically as well as artistically hypocritical. There has been progress since 1909, as Wells would have been the first to say, but some kinds of cheapness can still be spotted from this end of the Time Machine.

Gillian Wilce

Art & Craft

The Shooting Party by ISABEL COLEGATE *Hamish Hamilton* £5.95
Unholy Loves by JOYCE CAROL OATES *Gollancz* £6.95
Second Sight by SALLY EMERSON *Michael Joseph* £6.50
Missing Person by PATRICK MODIANO *Cape* £5.95

The Shooting Party hangs in the mind like a painting. The canvas could equally have been called *The Accident* or *On The Eve of the Great War* since the group of Edwardian figures represents the end not only of a weekend's shooting on an Oxfordshire estate but also of a social order. 'The figures were dark and the background a little misty', but senses other than vision are stirred by the picture: the air holds echoes of 'falling birds and gunfire, the smell of cordite, the sound of shot raining on leaves'. Not that the book is static. Although it begins rather slowly (you wonder at first if detailed knowledge of country-house life and shooting isn't being too expansively demonstrated), as the weekend takes its course, everything builds towards the climactic scene. Outside the gamekeeper organises his beaters and Tom Harker poaches rabbits,

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while inside, under the leisured gossip, love grows and frustration and a nasty little enmity. It all, in retrospect, seems necessary. Only Cornelius Cardew, vegetarian and friend of GBS, tramping the lanes with a pocket full of pamphlets, seems inessential and might just have been imported to make a point. Isabel Colegate makes no overt judgment about her landowners and sportsmen. It is, to change the analogy slightly, as though a yellowing photo-album had come to life. But the reader knows, as they do not, that their world is ending.

This book is a single curve of a narrative, climbing to its conclusion, then falling into a brief coda about the characters' subsequent lives. Joyce Carol Oates's latest book is just as controlled but more elaborate in style and shape. At one level it is a merry-go-round of a campus comedy, rising and falling through a year's social events. Woodslee has captured as its guest Albert St Dennis, greatest living English poet, acquaintance of Tom Eliot. But, as the parties proceed, Woodslee becomes puzzled, bemused and disappointed by its pot-bellied, liver-spotted, querulous old visitor with his penchant for whisky. Albert St Dennis is the excuse for a display of polite social rivalry, half-hidden suspicion and paranoid jockeying for position, but he is also himself — an old poet, a good poet (Ms Oates convinces you of that), nearing death, still mourning his wife. Finally, and most importantly, he is a focus for fantasy, the Albert St Dennis who is going to give meaning to people's lives and to their work. He will confer fame by his friendship; he will inspire and endorse music; he *knows* and he will impart wisdom; he will recognise their hidden talents, their real selves.

The shifting perceptions are there from the first party: the Byrnes's welcoming party is seen through St Dennis's somewhat blurred eyes; it is seen from outside as agitated faculty members try to cope with their literary lion's extreme lateness and subsequent public nausea; and it is seen by novelist Brigit Stott as the daydreamed beginning of the redemption which the elderly poet will confer upon her. In fact, the elderly poet sees only a dark young woman who reminds him of a cousin killed in the Blitz. And what he actually does for Brigit is to thrust her casually and accidentally into the arms of Alexis Kessler, the pretty, youngish composer who has been promising for rather too long and with whom she then endures a love affair of some intensity. *Unholy Loves* is caustic (but not altogether vicious) about the hollow pretentiousness of petty hopes and filled with accurate miniature sketches — the dreadful, dying Leslie, for example, before whose wheelchair colleagues flee. But it is not merely a social whirligig. Brigit's development provides a different kind of movement. She at least arrives at a place where she feels more optimistic about survival and its merits.

Isabel Colegate and Joyce Carol Oates are craftsmen. Sally Emerson, however, is not yet in control of her material. Things are told in *Second Sight* which would be better shown. Would this particular mother, you wonder, really have said to this particular daughter:

> It was the teenage and well-dressed lady-like foreign dolls you destroyed as if, well, refusing to become one. It was as though you were telling me to go stuff myself, that you weren't going to grow up, let alone like me?

Or is the author telling the reader? I wanted to quibble a lot with this tale of introverted, priggish Jennifer trying to live with memories of a dead friend and fantasies of Shelley and Aphra Behn rather than grow up into her mother's world. Why had author or editor let by phrases like 'his minute foot, garbed in a pair of carpet slippers . . .'? How can we be expected to believe in dead Rebecca when she is first 'a pre-Raphaelite beauty with . . . a pure pale skin' and then possessed of 'red apple cheeks'? What is the relevance of the murder-trial sub-plot? And yet the reason that I wanted to quibble is that there *is* life in the material of the book. There are seasons and weathers and oddities of feeling which one recognises, as well as reality in the dizzying mood changes through which Jennifer learns to live in a real and really moral world.

Patrick Modiano is in perfect control of his material. It is the material that feels thin. *Missing Person* is a slight (chapters vary from a dozen pages to two lines), single thread of a book. The narrator is a shadow person in a shadow world, trying to trace his forgotten past and his lost self through the methods and reference books of the detective agency for which he has worked as 'Guy Roland'. People he may or may not know loom like shapes on a foggy night. He tries on identities. Was he Freddie Howard de Luz, confidant of the actor John Gilbert? Or was he Jimmy Stern or Pedro McEvoy? Nothing is resolved except that it may not matter anyway. 'I am nothing' the book begins and 'do not our lives dissolve into the evening as quickly as this grief of childhood?' it ends.

Shula Marks

The Faultlines of Race

Over the past century, South Africa has been transformed from being a poor, backward, imperial dependency, exporting raw materials and dividends for foreign capitalists, into a diversified industrial power. As in other parts of the Third World, the penetration of the world economy led to 'a profoundly ambivalent reaction' as the Afrikaner élite sought simultaneously to resist imperial domination and at the same time to 'take over its vital forces'* for their own purposes through winning control of the state. In South Africa, however, the Afrikaner bourgeoisie faced a battle on two further fronts: against local English-speaking economic dominance and against the black majority. Moreover, in winning control of the state, the Afrikaners found paradoxically that in order to ensure their own ascendancy it was necessary to assure the conditions for capitalist accumulation in general. Apartheid has meant that by and large the burdens of industrialisation have been borne by blacks — though not all blacks equally — and that the gains have been made by whites — though again very far from equally.

That Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, 'more than any other single person, helped to create the modern industrialized state of South Africa' is the sweeping but probably not wholly inaccurate claim of Edward Jessup in his new biography of the founder of the world's largest mining finance empire. The giant Anglo American group of companies which Oppenheimer ruthlessly forged is at the heart of the South African economy: in 1979 it allegedly produced 27 per cent of the Republic's GDP. Yet despite his claims for Oppenheimer as the 'architect' of modern South Africa, Jessup does little beyond tracing his subject's manoeuvres in the business world. At no point does he assess the way in which this huge agglomerate influenced international investment in South Africa at times

*The phrases are Tom Nairn's in 'The Modern Janus' in *The Break-Up of Britain,* still one of the most perceptive essays on Marxism and nationalism.

Ernest Oppenheimer: A Study in Power by EDWARD JESSUP *Rex Collings* £12.95

Capital, State and White Labour in South Africa 1900-1960 by ROBERT H. DAVIES *Harvester* £20

Ethnic Power Mobilized: Can South Africa Change? by HERIBERT ADAM & HERMANN GILIOMEE *Yale* £14.20 & £3.75

The Liberal Dilemma in South Africa edited by Pierre L. van den Berghe *Croom Helm* £10.95

Transkei's Half Loaf: Race Separatism in South Africa by NEWELL M, STULTZ *Yale* £10.10

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of crisis, or shaped social relations through its concentration of both capital and labour. Five pages before the end are two paragraphs on the position of black workers in the Anglo American empire. And although these are two strongly worded and critical paragraphs, revealing most clearly the author's underlying ambivalence towards his subject, Jessup gives the reader little basis for judging his assertion that 'if any Company could have contributed significantly to change in South Africa it is the Anglo American Corporation and the Anglo American Corporation significantly did not'.

Neither Sir Ernest, nor his son and heir, Harry Oppenheimer, would of course accept Jessup's charge. On the contrary, Harry Oppenheimer has been at pains to convince the world of the 'progressive' effects of economic investment in South Africa in the face of the 'irrational intervention' of the Afrikaner-dominated policy and the racism of the white working class. Rob Davies confronts these contentions head-on in *The State, Capital Accumulation and White Labour,* the first fully published application of recent Marxist theory to South Africa. Despite analytical difficulties and intimidating language, this is a major work which raises critical issues for our understanding of 20th-century South Africa. Davies addresses himself to three central problems: the isolation of the white from the black working class in South Africa; the failure of white workers to maintain the revolutionary potential they displayed in their confrontation with capital in the first two decades of this century; and the relationship between the changing demands of capital and the practices of the state.

His is the most substantial attempt so far to explain why in the early years of this century mine magnates refused to employ unskilled whites (at a time of high white unemployment) but nonetheless came to terms with the demands of the white working class for closed shop agreements in relation to skilled and supervisory work. The preferential access which even newly proletarianised Afrikaners had to education and training gave them skills which Africans did not possess to fill the mental and supervisory roles in the economy. Moreover, the support capital needed from all white classes in order to maintain its control over the black working class always enabled the white workers to extract certain concessions from the state.

The dangers posed to the state and accumulation by the existence of a large group of unskilled and unemployed 'poor whites' further impressed on both capital and the state the need for cooptive strategies. There was always the danger if disaffection went too far that white militancy might affect the black 'dominated classes'; they might even join hands in revolution. Thus, according to Davies, the state intervened instrumentally 'to ensure the assignment of white rather than black agents to particular places in the division of labour' while it also created 'industrial relations apparatuses' whose function was to 'isolate and contain the struggles of the white wage-earning classes'. Although these were concessions wrung from the state, they tied the white workers to acceptable forms of bureaucratic, racist and economistic trade union struggle. Moreover the relegation of white workers to largely supervisory roles increased their 'structural insecurity'; divorced from the productive process they became part of the new petty bourgeoisie. Thus white workers were increasingly differentiated from the black working class, and could be represented as being in direct competition with it. Africans, rather than the state, came to be seen as the enemy.

The great importance of the Marxist debate on South Africa has been to break with the moralising, idealist and generally anti-working class interpretations of these processes in the existing literature, and to see their relationship to the imperatives of capital accumulation. There is, however, a certain aridity in Davies's analysis. By redefining white workers as part of the 'new petty bourgeoisie' he appears to feel he has solved the problem of their lack of revolutionary consciousness. His conclusion that the formation of a privileged group of white 'wage-earners' came about 'firstly because. . . the formation and reproduction of a racist hierarchical division labour accorded with the requirements of capitalist production and secondly because under the conditions of class struggle prevailing . . . this particular process. . . created the conditions for the bourgeoisie to maintain its political dominance' provides the necessary, but not the sufficient, elements for an explanation.

Although Davies does not deny the existence and importance of racist ideology and racial prejudice, he sees these 'as phenomena arising in the class struggle and therefore requiring explanation, instead of (being) the "self evident" starting point', but he does not himself explain why racial cleavages were so open to manipulation. In part, this results from his starting point — c.1900 — and his failure seriously to examine earlier social formations, in part because despite his lip service to the importance of 'the ideological' this is handled mechanically in relation to the racism of both white workers and of capital. This is not to advocate a return to static, idealist interpretations but to suggest that consciousness does not proceed in so unmediated a fashion from either the particular experience of class struggle or the manipulations of state and capital. We need to take account of what Nairn terms the 'faultlines' along which social formations tend to divide under the impact of capitalist development — whether of nationality, religion, or indeed race.

The 'faultlines' of ethnicity lie at the heart of Adam and Giliomee's cold, hard look at the way Afrikaner Nationalists have acquired control and entrenched their privilege by 'mobilising ethnic power'. Their main concern is to examine the nature of the Afrikaner ruling class and its key institutions in the belief that it is 'cleavages and currents within the ruling ethnic group rather than the actions of the subordinates which are likely to influence South Africa's future in the short run' — a contention which has already been undermined by events. Nevertheless, the central chapters of the book, examining the 'evolving self concept' of Afrikaners and their economic advance as well as the mechanism whereby they sustain a precarious unity, are valuable. The authors break down the usual monolithic picture of the Afrikaner National Party and highlight 'the extent to which specific interests rather than an immutable ideology condition Afrikaner strategies'.

Important as it is, however, to appreciate the shifting nature of apartheid ideology over the past three decades, their view verges on a crude functionalism. Adam in particular accuses the Marxist historians of failing to take account of ethnicity as a predicter of politica beliefs, and of elevating class analysis beyond its explanatory powers. Yet his own answer tc the problem simply pushes it back one furthei step: to the notion of 'shared socialisation. . . associated with early childhood and the com fort of security' — as if 'shared socialisation were an unconstructed reality. Moreover, oi the next page we are informed that 'ethnic at tachments persist, but only as long as the serve a purpose': when the costs of aparthei get 'too high', Afrikanerdom's mobilisatio of ethnicity will 'fade into pragmatic calcula tions of its heterogeneous constituencies Perhaps Botha's reformism last year er couraged such a view; the response t Elsiesrivier suggests a more intractab undergrowth of ideology and interest.

There are other problems in singling oi 'Afrikanerdom' in an attempt to establis whether South Africa 'can change', whic arise from their contention that the policy apartheid should be seen as an instrument th structures the South African polity in such way that it fosters and conceals Afrikan hegemony'. Apartheid is also the vast array laws which create and maintain a penal contra

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labour force. Currently 'reformist' apartheid attempts to resolve the skilled and semi-skilled labour shortage on the one hand, and the high structural unemployment of the unskilled on the other. Those with skills in demand by monopoly capital are allowed to remain in the 'white areas', with minimal trade union and other rights; the rest, redefined as 'foreign', are relegated to the Bantustans where social control is easier and cheaper, and from where they can be sucked back into the 'white' economy if and when they are needed. That this system sustains Afrikaner power and privilege is undoubtedly true; it performs no less a service for Anglo American and its fellows.

A total failure to perceive this economic role of the Bantustans is one of the many weaknesses of the American Newell Stultz's look at Transkeian independence in *Transkei's Half Loaf*. After defining the criteria for 'successful racial partition', Stultz presents four chapters of 'relevant facts' against which to measure three issues: does the Transkei's independence provide reasonable and practicable allocation of the resources of South Africa? Did the decision-making leading to 'independence' legitimate it? And does 'independence' 'eliminate racial discrimination and oppression'? Despite 'a personal orientation that is on the conservative side of centre' the answer to the first two questions is a resounding 'No'. The picture he draws of the Transkei since 1976 is of a repressive regime, wholly dependent on South Africa for its political, military and economic survival. Nevertheless he concludes that the Transkei should be recognised because it familiarises whites to independent (sic) African political power, and because it relieves Transkians from the indignities of apartheid. (He does not explain how this squares with the fact that the vast majority of adult Transkeians spend most of their working lives in the Republic.) His assessment of Mantanzima enables us to take his measure: 'in pressing independence on Transkei Kaiser Mantanzima . . . has delivered more in the way of *actual* African emancipation from white oppression in southern (sic) Africa than any other individual in history to date.' Machel and Mugabe please note.

Whatever its limitations *Transkei's Half Loaf* does at least contain useful empirical information. Not even this can be said of the curious collection of essays put together by Pierre van den Berghe in honour of Professor Leo Kuper, *The Liberal Dilemma in South Africa*. At no point do the authors in this volume show the necessary detachment or analytical skill to illuminate either the liberal dilemma in the face of African liberation or the ambiguous legacy it has left South Africa. Kuper, a most humane scholar, deserved better.

It is not only liberals who have failed to come to terms with the demands of liberation in South Africa. In none of these books do the majority of blacks constitute anything more than a silent backdrop against which the political drama is enacted: as much 'dominated classes' in these texts as Davies sees them in reality. Even in his account the major struggle in South Africa remains unexplored. At the end of the day we cannot but echo Fatima Meer's cry in *The Liberal Dilemma* against white social scientists in South Africa — 'And while they thus limit their field of reality, out in the Black underworld . . . a whole revolution seethes.'

Hilary Wainwright

Of Machines and Men

'Architect or Bee? The Human/Technology Relationship by MIKE COOLEY *Hand and Brain Publications* £2.50

'Protect the car from the human race.' This slogan on the BP advertisement for oil may be intended as a joke but on Mike Cooley's arguments it contains an unintended truth. It accurately summarises the priorities behind capitalist technology: efficient, predictable, optimising machines first; subjective, unpredictable, creative human beings, prone to carelessness, tiredness, and above all a refusal to follow instructions, last.

The 'new technology' for all its 'value free' gloss is no exception to this set of values. In fact the priority which management has given to the new micro-electronic machines over human beings has sometimes been so blatant that workers have had to demand 'parity with the machine'. Mike Cooley describes the struggles of some AEUW-TASS designers in Birmingham to gain 'parity of environment with the Computer Aided Design Equipment'. In the end it required three industrial stoppages before these engineers won heating and ventilation conditions of the standard given to the machines!

But the anti-human, machine-centred values of the new technology go much deeper than simply the *application* of the technology. They permeate the very design and *content* of technology. To understand how and why, and to grasp the political implications of seeing technology as part of politics, Mike Cooley's new book is essential reading.

His analysis of the ideological and political content of technology and of the scientific methodology which lies behind technological design, marks an important break with the orthodox marxist interpretation of science and technology associated with J. D. Bernal. This interpretation has viewed science and technology as ideologically neutral and considered their development to be inherently positive and progressive. Its critique of capitalism, as far as science and technology are concerned, is that capitalism holds back the development of science, and in so much as science does develop, that it is merely applied to the wrong end.

Cooley argues that the same values which underlie this anti-human application of technology — to more deadly means of warfare, to increasing numbers of unemployed, and to more effective means of surveillance and control — also determine the *design* of new technologies.

Cooley is not anti-technology per se. He is concerned to show that though automation and the displacement of human labour is in some circumstances a humane and progressive development — so long as jobs are available elsewhere — capitalist management (and state management, East and West) has turned it into a universal principle of industrial progress. Just as positivistic scientists, turning abstraction and predictability into universal principles, will claim that 'what you cannot quantify, does not exist'; so the dominant view in design technology is that 'what you cannot include in a computer programme is not important'. The result is that scientific and engineering effort is deliberately directed to design equipment with only 10^3 intelligence units (the most complicated robotic devices) to replace the 10^{14} human intellect — and to reduce the capacities of that intellect in the process. What is lost in this replacement are the powerful, non-linear logics of the deep structures of the mind. The effect of their further elimination from the design and production process is a brutalisation of the producer both in the office and on the shop floor, and of the consumer. In furtherance of 'optimisation' men and women are turned into the appendages of machines, to produce throw away goods, food with minimal nutritional value and an increasingly polluted and unhealthy environment. All this is described and analysed vividly, if too briefly, in Mike Cooley's book.

Consistent with his view that present technologies are *chosen* to meet the particular requirements of capitalist production he shows that alternative technologies could be and have been, developed to meet human needs, both in production and in the wider community. He gives examples of computerised equipment for the machining process which has been designed in order to be linked in a symbiotic way with the skills of a human being. Needless to say, though such equipment was developed over five years ago, it remains in the design laboratories of MIT. The corporations are not interested.

If these human centred technological advances are to be the basis of our production processes, then, Cooley argues, more is required than a revolution of property relations or of state power. A human centred technology, requires in addition to these, what Rudolf Bahro calls a 'cultural revolution'. That is what is required is a revolution in the forces of production; i.e. in the division of labour and forms of knowledge and science involved in them. Part of Cooley's argument here involves a criticism of those marxists who have assumed a sharp separation between the forces and the social relations of production. Lenin expressed this vividly when he sang the praises of Taylorism as source of productive techniques under socialism. The other part of Cooley's argument contains the germs of a new vision of socialism, radically distinct from both Fabianism and 'existing socialism'.

Cooley does not think that the kind of political organisations necessary to develop and fight for such a vision yet exist. The response of political parties to the alternative plan of the Lucas Aerospace Combine Committee (of which Mike Cooley is a member) has all too often born out this scepticism. Yet the shop stewards' plan for socially useful production and the industrial and propaganda struggles which the Lucas Aerospace workers have waged around it for five years now, has begun to create a credible and attractive vision of a new system of production, at a time when such a vision is all too clearly lacking.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

My Sainted Aunt!

My American Uncle (A) *Academy Two*
Cruising (X) *London Pavilion*
Brubaker (AA) *Leicester Square Theatre*
Urban Cowboy (AA) *Empire*
Heart Beat (X) *Gate 2*
Rough Cut (AA) *Plaza 2*
Harlequin (X) *Classic, Haymarket*

Never one to take reality at face value, the French director Alain Resnais seems to regard each new film as the chance for a fresh, often flashy approach. His latest experiment is surely his grimmest, at once didactic and supremely ingenuous. I know nothing of the works of the biologist, Professor Henri Laborit, and must take his eminence on trust: I do know that his influence on, and appearances in *My American Uncle (Mon Oncle d'Amérique)* are catastrophic. Unfortunately, and Resnais' own quoted comments on this are *not* to be trusted, the laborious Laborit dominates a structure which follows the careers of three characters from infancy to adultery and plots the points at which they impinge. In the beginning is the word, of the good professor in voice-over. Then other voices criss-cross, as do quick images of objects (scissors, a bike-chain, a watch); and the cinematic equivalent of brief dossiers spills on to the screen. René (Gerard Depardieu) is a farmer's son who rebels and goes into textiles; Janine (Nicole Garcia), from a Communist working-class background in Paris, becomes an actress; Jean (Roger-Pierre), of comfortable bourgeois upbringing, is Director of News on French radio, with ambitions to write and to go into politics. One day, Jean sees Janine on stage and leaves his wife and children for her. Then he loses his job, suffers histrionic agonies from kidney trouble and eventually returns to his family and the satisfaction of his other ambitions: Janine — it should be explained — has been duped by Jean's wife, who comes to her, confessing to an incurable illness, when Janine sends her lover packing. She, in turn, having abandoned the fringe theatre for a post as ready-wear stylist with the conglomerate that has swallowed up René's firm and progressively demoted and humiliated him, at increased salary, is to save René's life, after his attempted suicide, by a fluke phone call.

Of such material are both soap operas and works of art wrought. The three principal actors are uniformly excellent (always assuming that Roger-Pierre has been instructed to play Jean as a natural ham); and there *are* a few amusing lines and passages, as when René and his potential supplanter grab for the same ringing phone or spar over an uneasy dinner table — or, again, when Jean and Janine argue at a penultimate meeting, up to their knees in water, he ludicrous in rolled-up trousers. I stress these successful moments of life-like humour, because elsewhere one is given every reason to believe that existence is stressful, behaviouristic hell. Certainly, two other forms of comedy are essayed, but the first — which has previous incidents re-run with the principals now wearing rats' heads (Laborit frequently pops up, in a lab, drawing ancient lessons from rats in divided cages) — is about as funny as being hit over the human head with a lead balloon; and the second — interspersing wee clips from old movies of the trio's favourite actors: Gabin, Marais, Darrieux — can only be ambiguously comic at best, since it is sometimes deployed as if memory-shots of their heroes were inspiring our threesome, at others as if Resnais himself were making a heavily ironic comment. And the professorial interventions, via lecturettes on camera and as an unseen commentator on the action, really blow the enterprise while and by being part of it. They leave less time for development of the interlocking stories; they create the most hideous anxiety (is he going to nip on and reduce this scene to conditioned reflexes or whatever?); they inevitably end by reducing what might have been an adult, exploratory film to a set of lantern slides. That the images are technically elegant and assured becomes of little importance.

And then there is *Cruising*, written and directed by William Friedkin, a sensationalist gamble or ramble on the gay wild side. A less gay occasion, if one may use the epithet for a second in its superseded sense, it would be hard to envisage. No wonder everyday homosexuals and that good actor Al Pacino are variously up in arms. This crude thriller is loosely drawn from a novel based on actuality, a series of murders of homosexuals in New York which bore similarities one to another. In fact, there were two kinds: 'Bag Murders', where odd limbs were fished up from the Hudson, and 'crimes of passion', where the victims had been repeatedly stabbed. Both crop up in the film, but it quickly concentrates on sending Pacino as a young police officer, Steve Burns, on an undercover mission into the 'heavy-leather' and S-M haunts of the city's rough trade, after the perpetrator of the knifings. There is one sympathetic gay on display, a pleasant would-be playwright Ted (engagingly played by Don Scardino), and his chats with Steve are the sole concession to those with a straightforward preference for sex with their own gender. Otherwise, all's lewd and kinky. Steve has only to drop into a disco for every man jack on the premises to start doing his naughty thing. God knows what Friedkin's premises were in making this rubbish, which has been rendered even less scrutable by evident cuts. Steve is never seen actually engaged in any sexual motions, though there are intimations (as in his worsening relations with his girl and via ominous, thematic scraps of music on the sound-track) that his assignment has turned him thataway. Come to that, one of my colleagues proposed Steve might even have committed a murder himself. The wretch finally tracked down and arrested, a psychopath whose long-dead dad is somehow supposed to have motivated his madness, protests his innocence: there is no doubt to the bitter end. As for a huge black cop, simply attired in a filmy jockstrap and a police hat, summoned in to slap suspects around, the mind boggles, slumps and switches off.

Short shrift, alas, to the rest, some of which contain better things. Stuart Rosenberg's *Brubaker* has good-guy Robert Redford (even his outlaws have been heroic charmers) charmingly impersonating a real-life reforming prison warden. This well-constructed, humane drama is keenest in its opening half-hour, during which Brubaker observes the hideous brutality and corruption at Wakefield Prison Farm in the guise of a convict, at first hand. When he assumes the reins and starts chopping away at so-called 'privileges', replacing men wholesale and setting up a superbly incredulous inmates' elected council, there is still momentum, maintained to a degree when he stumbles on a secret cemetery; but some credence is lost as he confronts an utterly villainous governor and a prison board on which only a black man and the woman who got him the job are ready to back him. His inevitable departure is inevitably accompanied by slowly mounting applause from the hardened lags. Jane Alexander is superb as the woman half in love with him.

Urban Cowboy is 135 minutes of John Travolta moving from rural Texas to the delights of Houston: hard labour at a petrochemical plant by day and dancing, drinking, brawling and riding the mechanical bull at the infamous Gilley's, a vast honky-tonk saloon where machismo rules, by night. Travolta rapidly marries this stupid movie's redeeming feature (delightful Debra Winger); they split, when a rich oilman's daughter opts for him and a criminal poor man's Clint Eastwood for his pained missus; they come together again in the dying if not dead seconds of this country-and-western. The dialogue substantially consists of 'Shee-ee-yit' and '*O-keh*', leavened with references to bruised 'family jewels' from thumping around on that damfool torture-machine. *Heart Beat* follows the original Beat Generation trio, Jack Kerouac (John Heard), Neal Cassady (Nick Nolte) and Carolyn Cassady (Sissy Spacek), bemusedly down the years, from 1947 to 1968, with no one aging much except the audience. As one who has always found Kerouac pretty resistible anyway, I was lost when the supposedly beguiling Cassady, as here depicted, had all the magnetism of a mushroom. My week for the ladies: Miss Spacek is fine — and, all right, there are a couple of worked-for laughs.

Would there were more in the British (? *Rough Cut*, under-directed by Don Siegel Containing Burt Reynolds as a playbo diamond thief, Lesley-Anne Down as Cabinet Minister's kleptomaniac daughter an an understandably weary-looking Davi Niven as the Scotland Yard chief inspecto determined to trap Reynolds as a last cou before retirement, this limping caper neede the hand of Stanley Donen in his *Charade* o *Arabesque* vein; an. that's still not asking fc much. The context is mostly tourist Londor Rolls-Royces, Wimbledon, mews flats an Mayfair. The plot is nonsensical. *Harlequ* was made in Australia, pretends to be set i America, and achieves a kind of Never-Neve Land, which is appropriate since Robe Powell flits through as a fellow doubling fc both Peter Pan and Rasputin. When not in E treme Bad Taste (the magical Powell seems cure a politico's kid of leukaemia), this hotc potch has no address whatsoever, of eith variety.

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Discovered Countries

CHRISTOPHER EDWARDS reports on the Conference on Play Translation at the Riverside Studios on 7 September

At the Riverside Studios last Sunday there assembled translators, critics, writers, directors, actors and interested members of the public with the intention of discussing and, if possible producing, some sort of draft code of practice for the treatment of translated plays.

Who needs a code of practice when the law of copyright is there, waiting to be applied by able and eager lawyers? Anyone with experience of the English system of awarding costs in litigation might be able to answer that, remembering with pain that even a successful party can end up with a large bill at the end of an action. In fact copyright law was lucidly explained to us by distinguished solicitor, Michael Rubinstein, but it was not, to coin a phrase, what a lawyer tells *may* be done, rather what reason and justice tells *ought* to be done, which the meeting eventually considered. Or, as John Willett, Brecht scholar and saintly chairman of the meeting, put it, the aim of any code should be fairness; fairness to the original author, fairness to the translators and fairness to the audience who may not appreciate the process of interpretation through which a play has been.

The meeting lasted from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m. but Willett's saintliness didn't consist solely in his patience and practical wisdom; he appears to be a disinterested scholar to whom the discovery of a telling English rendering of some foreign pun is more important than the use of his discovery by some unscrupulous director or commissioned translator. Perhaps Willett has a steady job with a reliable income, and so can afford not to be mercenary but judging by Sunday's gathering he's in a minority. One of the features of the meeting was the justified bitterness levelled by translators against productions of plays which were, in effect, collations of the best lines from several people's efforts. There would be less objection if permission were sought, payment made and due acknowledgment given but this just doesn't occur often enough. Instead what may happen is that, when an appointed translator fails to satisfy the director and/or cast with his version of the original someone makes a trip to the local bookshop. After a quick survey of all the available translations a fruit salad is knocked together containing bits and pices from different translations; if the work is a Scandinavian classic, you can be certain of coming across the occasional sour grape from Michael Meyer. This is said good-naturedly and with the intention of drawing attention to his pungent remarks. While strongly supporting the view that a translator ought to receive fair payment for his contribution, Meyer also insisted on the integrity of one man's translation and in this he was echoing Michael Frayn's comment that a translation was a literary act and the product a piece of original work. To the man who cares for his job it is anathema to have his work plundered for the best bits and Meyer would refuse permission to include just a few of his lines in someone else's version even if due payment and acknowledgment were made.

The BBC was recording the meeting and, with miles of tape waiting to be filled for posterity, a great deal of unmemorable stuff was spoken; several axes required sustained grinding and we had to put up with a lot of egocentric hogging of the microphone — in future any chairman, especially one interested in the effective use of the English language, should perfect his delivery of the George Gale interruption in order to get a bore off the air. But several interesting points emerged, not least in relation to the National Theatre's translation policy. Despite John Russel Brown's defence it is surely something which needs explaining more clearly, with proper acknowledgments made in the programmes. What this refers to is the practice of launching an English production of a foreign play in the name of some well-known playwright who has little or no grasp of the language of the original work. In the recent case of Schnitzler's *Undiscovered Country* it appears that, first, a literal translation from the German was commissioned, followed by another one from someone expert in Viennese German. With these two scripts to hand the play was then worked on by Tom Stoppard and went out as his 'version'. What a number of people were demanding was that the two people who did the donkey-work ought to receive proper acknowledgment and decent payment. A further objection against the National was raised concerning a programme description in the current production of Brecht's *Galileo* that the play was 'translated' by Howard Brenton. In fact Brenton's command of German is slight and he was heavily dependent upon a literal translation which was also commissioned but never mentioned. In fairness to John Russel Brown he did point out that Brenton only wanted the literal translation in order quickly to read through the original. Still, this raises a general question whether it is a service to literature to have distinguished foreign work translated in stages by different people and then consigned into the hands of someone whose appeal to theatre management is not his skill as a linguist but his reputation and box-office draw.

All this begs a number of central questions — such as the differences between 'translations', 'versions', 'adaptations' and, to cover Charles Marowitz's remarks, 'free adaptations'. For instance, what violence is done to the word 'translator' when it is employed to describe a monolinguist whose sole job is to render into speakable dialogue someone else's literal translation of, say, Ibsen's *Wild Duck*? Again, at what point does an 'adaptation' step off into the realm of a 'version' or is the distinction meaningless? These terms were discussed but it was prudently decided to put off deciding on exact definitions and the meeting drew up some basic principles.

What next? This is the awkward practical issue which the meeting fudged. It was decided to circulate all relevant bodies with copies of the principles but when a committee was proposed to take things a step further (in which direction?) it appeared that the most eligible candidates had pressing appointments in the Aegean sunshine for the next six weeks. The document was left in the hands of the charming and over-worked Riverside Press Officer and we all await news of what will happen next. In the meantime any hard-up translator who thinks someone is about to steal his lines must pray that it happens in America. He should then immediately apply to the lawyers of one gentleman present on Sunday who casually announced that he had just won a 200,000 dollar lawsuit after someone had pilfered *two* of his words.

Television

Julian Barnes

How's Your Father?

Wildlife on One (BBC-1) returned to the screen with a report on a crocodile project in South Africa, and included a rivetting clip of some croc-boffing: they do it surprisingly civilly, a soft sideways shuffle which barely stirs a ripple on the surface of the water. Andrea Newman also returned to the screen (*Mackenzie,* BBC-1) with a report on a people project in Glasgow and London, and included some rivetting clips of human boffing: they do it surprisingly savagely, with such volcanic egotism that, far from causing ripples on the surface, they flood the banks. And afterwards, they say crappy things to one another, like 'It's the best beauty treatment I know.'

The game, of course, with Andrea Newman serials is to spot the couple who last out to the final credits without going to bed with one another. She starts her tales at such a sexual lick that you find out whether or not two people are pleasuring one another long before you discover their formal, social relationship (not that one should be sniffy about this, or proclaim it unreal: it's doubtless modelled closely on life). Thus at one point an old Hungarian businessman, clearly destined to be the Sage of the script, turned up with pronouncements like 'Bodies are not important: it's the heart that counts — the heart and the mind.' He uttered this to a leggy blonde whom one presumed to be either his wife or mistress, given that she was cuddling up to his unimportant body, and that they were exchanging *Forum*-style platitudes about how their occasional affairs didn't matter. Only later (to be precise, when I was checking out the *Radio Times* feature on the serial) did it emerge that this Kovacs fellow was actually the girl's father. That was a turn-up; or, on second thoughts, and remembering *Bouquet of Barbed Wire*, not; I'll be very surprised if a touch of how's-your-father doesn't emerge there. (The scenario thickens further when the *RT* also points out that 'Kovacs' was one of Ms Newman's earlier pseudonyms.)

As for the plot . . . no, you don't really want to be told, do you? The sets are excellent, down to that terrible butterfly-wing mirror the Mackenzies have on their wall; while the acting award for the first episode went to Derek Gray, who plays Mackenzie's eldest son and looks just like a pocket David Gower. The cliff-hanging line of the first, bumper episode was, 'Would you like to make love?' Page 86

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of the Penguin edition for those who can't wait. Or you could guess. You just might be not wrong.

Mackenzie looks as if it will prove a thoroughly watchable sexual quadrille. It was certainly much superior to Yorkshire's offering in the same field, *The Marquise,* a tiresome piece of medium-camp *marivaudage* by Noel Coward. Supposedly set in 1735 (A fact we deduced from the remarkable frequency with which characters said things like, 'Seventeen years ago, in 1718 . . . .'), its dialogue would probably carbon-date to approximately 1910. Diana Rigg played the revenante Marquise and former lover of both James Villiers and Richard Johnson; the latter, for some reason best known to himself, decided that 1735 was best conveyed by ferociously twitching his eyebrows, mouth, nose, ears and eyes simultaneously, and scowling with what was left of his face. The Marquise had years ago had one child by each of her two beaux, etc; these two children were betrothed, etc; and the Marquise herself wanted to remarry, etc. Weekend compers do a much better Coward that this Coward. But maybe what it was all about was the current round of franchise-scuffling.

Four More Years (BBC-2), an early report on the American Presidential race, began by asking the big question about democracy, but it was swiftly cut off at the knees by William F. Buckley: 'You mean, if you don't get Pericles, you should call the whole thing off?' Thereafter the show relaxed into a chatty, bitchy and informative hour, full of fascinating details like the fact that in California a man had tried to change his name to 'None Of The Above' (he would obviously clean up at the polls); but alas, Daniel Patrick Moynihan explained, 'Some dumb judge wouldn't let him.'

Bella Abzug was there in a Harpo Marx wig; Nicholas von Hoffman of Another Weekly cut in with some nice sourness — 'Everyone who's for Anderson *jogs*'; but the star of the show was Buckley, who spent most of the time collapsing into one of those expensive saggy sofas, and looking as if he himself would deflate too if you tugged out a plastic nozzle in his ankle. Sporadically visible between the Yorkshire-pudding sofa and the potted plants, Buckley further confused matters by looking more like Walter Mondale than he has a right to, and sounding just like Robert Vaughan in *The Magnificent Seven:* 'The fact is,' he drawled like a jaded gunfighter, 'that Reagan was a far better actor than Eisenhower was a haberdasher.' The programme mixed its tones furiously — from blackest cynicism to near-belief — and confirmed how much more vigorous and interesting American politics are than ours. It ended, too, with a timely put-down of the complacent European smirk that, whatever happens, the West is going to be led by a dunderhead for the next four years. Moynihan, rather surprisingly (though I suspect simple patriotism shouldn't be ruled out as a motive; nor job-hunting) began to speak up for Reagan, even to the extent of pronouncing him a complex man. Then, suddenly conscious of his transatlantic audience, he bellowed winningly at the camera, 'God, you wish to think us simple-minded. It's the last consolation you have in your decline.'

Meanwhile, further south, Patrick Moore was teetering along the edge of Meteor Crater, Arizona, on *The Sky at Night* (BBC-1). The astrologer — that strange cross between Richard Adams and Pooh Bear — was out in the midday sun, dressed in a pinstripe suit and club tie, for all the world as if he were in the members' enclosure at Lord's. He was certainly safer in Arizona: the chances of being struck by a meteor in Meteor Crater are considerably less than those of being struck by a lord at Lord's. Meanwhile, down among the gentlemen at the *Gillette Cup Final* (BBC-2), the recent punch-up inspired the banner of the match, waved by a Surrey fan in support of fast bowler Clarke: 'Sylvester strikes harder than MCC members.'

Theatre—1

Benedict Nightingale

Lighting Fools

Macbeth by SHAKESPEARE *Old Vic*
Taking Steps by ALAN AYCKBOURN *Lyric*

Holidays and professional junketings in Edinburgh have prevented me mourning the passing of Kenneth Tynan, whose ghost, like his disembodied self in life, is behind my shoulder as I type, benignly shaking his head at the relative lumpishness of my prose and apathy of my theatrical commitment. He wrote, as John Whiting once said, fiendishly well; and if he did not shape the drama to the extent he shaped succeeding generations of critics, it's only because the drama is not directly shaped by critics. He did something hardly less essential. He created the theatrical version of what it's now fashionable to call a revolutionary situation. He was not just the chronicler of the renaissance of English drama in the later Fifties, but its prophet, philosopher and poet, its canny midwife and jubilant godfather.

The good critic, he once said, tells you what the theatre is doing, the great critic what it is not doing. By that definition he was indisputably great. By sheer expertise of evocation he made us, not just see, but *feel* the paucity of a drama 'of no more use to the student of life than a doll's house to a student of town planning'; and when the barricades fell, and the rebels began to tumble through, he alone had the verbal and intellectual resources adequately to welcome them. Because of him, there were audiences ready for change. Because of him, those audiences included large numbers of people thitherto alienated from the theatre by its irrelevance, triviality and appalling snobberies. Into the foreign portals we went, clutching our copies of the *Observer* and seeing precisely how, why and to what extent *Look Back in Anger* was a revelation and an omen.

His insistence on the primacy of drama as a social weapon meant there were lacunae in his enthusiasms. If he successfully established Brecht in the British consciousness, he also persistently underrated Beckett and Pinter. But it would be a sad error to suggest that his logical legacy is the kind of grim if worthy sociological treatise that still sometimes sprawls across the bare boards of the Royal Court. He had his quirks, his contradictions, and what he apologetically called his 'mandarin' side; and they allowed him to enjoy the odd, the exotic, the imaginative and ambitious, especially where acting was concerned. Succinctly yet eloquently, he fulfilled what he rightly saw as one of criticism's prime functions, that of recording for tomorrow the look and feel of the major performances of today. To get to the mundane business of the London week, it is because of him, as because of Hazlitt, Lewes, Shaw and Beerbohm, that we can see precisely what a travesty Peter O'Toole's Macbeth is, both in its parts and as a whole. Compare that actor's loutish mishandling of the spectral dagger with the suggestive reaction of Olivier, who, Tynan tells us, greeted it with 'sad familiarity: it is a fixture in the crooked furniture of his brain'. Compare him with the unsuccessful Richardson Macbeth 'a sad facsimile of the Cowardly Lion in the *Wizard of Oz*', and the full extent of his robotic monotony becomes apparent. Better a cowardly lion than a tin man.

The second night was at least interesting at its curtain call. A vocal gentleman slithered at the last moment into the seat behind me to bawl 'bravo' and howl 'fuck 'em' when Bryan Forbes, the director, came onstage to defend his cast against its enemies. Actually, the label 'Judas' was directed, not at the critics, but at the Vic's top management, which had tried and failed to change the production and had presumed to admit so to the public prints. What was less clear, however, was which of the unprepossessing candidates onstage was supposed to be the betrayed Christ. Perhaps Mr Forbes meant himself. He had attempted several miracles, such as passing off three Tennysonian lovelies as the witches, asking us to take seriously a ghostly Banquo who hadn't so much daubed himself in red paint as swum five lengths in it, and getting a good performance out of O'Toole; and none of them had been much appreciated.

More likely, he meant O'Toole himself, of whom the most charitable thing to say is that his interpretation is eccentric. He appears to see Macbeth as a surly brutalised oaf who alters not one jot from Duncan's inexplicable description of him as a 'worthy gentleman' to his own overdue death. At any rate, he lolls and swaggers across the stage, his mouth sometimes agape, sometimes not, and part-barks, part-bellows, part-chants out hoarse iambs in an actorish staccato, so that 'no one' becomes 'no *wan*', 'but here' 'bat hair' and 'Duncan' '*Dun*-ken'. And everything and everyone is similarly hectored, whether it's his wife, Macduff, Dun-ken, Banquo's ghost, the cream-faced loon, the dagger, hell, or his own soliloquising conscience. The assumption seems to be that the rest of the world, including we in the audience, are stone-deaf and very, very stupid. Was this the *Monty Python* loudmouth with the handkerchief knotted over his ears, or the actor I admired not long ago as Uncle Vanya and Vladimir in *Godot*? Unbelievably, the latter; and his performance should be suppressed before it irreparably damages a whole generation of British schoolchildren and causes diplomatic incidents abroad. It is a sustained disaster.

The new Ayckbourn is actually old Ayckbourn, a return to the funhouse spirit of *Relative Values,* though not, I fear, as relentlessly hilarious as that classic little farce. The familiar ingenuity and technical playfulness is there, in the merging of three storeys of the same rambling, supposedly haunted grange on one flattish stage; but there's no attempt to deepen or darken or

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laughter at the confused cavortings occurring upon it. When Dinsdale Landen's tweedy, blustering alcoholic bursts into sottish tears at his wife's defection, we aren't much touched, because he's hardly more than an imaginatively performed caricature. The dedication of the play to Ben Travers explains and, no doubt, justifies much, perhaps even Ayckbourn's revival of the odd Jacobean convention by which a woman can spend the night with a strange man, all along thinking him her husband; and one scene, in which a snoozy Landen is force-marched about on the presumption he's overdosed himself with sleeping pills, is as funny as anything in London. But it's new Ayckbourn that interests me. May he put back the laughing gas and switch on the oxygen again very soon.

Art

John Spurling

The Connection

The Hayward Annual *Hayward Gallery*

At the centre of this year's Hayward Annual is a triptych by Terry Setch. The roughly 8 by 11 foot canvases are without stretchers, so that they look more like tarpaulins or tapestries, and nailed to screens forming three sides of a narrow box. The title is helpful: *Beachscape Car Wreck II*. The impression not so much of a beach as of beachiness is strong: it comes from the colours and textures of the two flanking canvases, dirty whitish with transient passages of green and blue on the left, pink and green on the right, clotted with tarry excrescences. The middle canvas, facing you, takes up the blue from the left and the pink from the right, but is less textured and features two figurative outlines of the sort you might draw in the sand or on the wall of a cave to remind yourself of Cubism or, more specifically, of a sculpture by Gonzalez.

In spite of its size and the way it hems you in, *Beachscape* is not at all aggressive or dominating, let alone grandiose. On the contrary, its effect is calm, good-humoured and, considering how rough and tactile it is, oddly evanescent. There is nowhere for the eye to rest, no part that calls particular attention to itself, except those teasing outlines, which, in view of the title, are as likely to represent some kind of litter as reminders of an already antique art.

Beachscape is an appropriate centre for the exhibition. The 18 artists included are not, or have not been up to now, a group. Some, as the selector John Hoyland points out, have not even met one another; their ages vary from 29 to 58. What they have in common may or may not be what Hoyland bravely calls 'the pursuit of High Art', but it is certainly a scale, a method of attack and a commitment to the expressive possibilities of colour, texture and stroke, without geometry and almost without shape. The scale is not really grand, merely human, calculated to surround your forward vision as you look at a wall from about six feet off. The method of attack is improvisatory — finding a particular experience through the paint', as one of the 18, Basil Beattie, describes it — and the exclusion of shape ensures that the experience must be taken whole and not put together detail by detail. Broadly speaking, then, we are in the realm of the romantic, the organic, the expressionist rather than the classic, the constructed, the Cubist. This classification is confirmed by Hoyland's carefully chosen introductory section (intended to set a British context for the 18) which includes first-rate paintings by such as Matthew Smith, Ivon Hitchens, Hilton, Heron, Lanyon and more recent artists such as Auerbach, Hodgkin and Walker as well as sculpture by Caro, Tim Scott and William Tucker. Hoyland has omitted anything by himself, but in some sense the whole Hayward Gallery has been transformed into the constituents and emanations of a gigantic, conceptual Hoyland. Henceforth one can speak, without being too frivolous, of the Hoyland Connection as a recognisable area of post-war British art.

Within this general area, of course, there are as many varieties of approach as artists. Hoyland has included enough work to give a very thorough idea of each artist's individual mode of hunting the painterly experience. These are all, even the youngest, mature artists. One could not mistake one set of paintings for another. Indeed, it is an exhausting show for this very reason, that the viewer is required at every new embrasure to reorientate himself, to perform in the artist's wake fresh rites of immersion and response. One becomes unusually grateful for the occasional lighter, more simply decorative talent: John McLean, Mali Morris, Gillian Ayres or Frank Bowling. Not that all the other 14 are necessarily heavyweights, but they are working on that assumption and the atmosphere is thickly charged with serious endeavour.

But is this all merely the belated, provincial aftermath of American Abstract Expressionism, a kind of Camden Town Group *de nos jours*? Certainly the shades of Pollock, Rothko and their associates hover over this show and one cannot point to anyone at the Hayward — not even in the introductory section — on that level of authority, except perhaps Caro, who has moved, incidentally, into brass and bronze and a new box form. But although Albert Irvin and Anthony Whishaw are past the age at which they might be expected to astonish the world, their work has suddenly gained intensity in the last year or two, Whishaw's by burrowing deeper into subtle contrasts of darkness and texture, Irvin's in the opposite direction, by an access of scintillating light. Neither Whishaw's *Down to Sellindge* nor Irvin's *Cathay* stands in the shadow of the Americans — they are works of much greater independence than any Camden Towner ever won from the French.

The two youngest artists — Paul Tonkin and Jeffrey Dellow — are equally promising. Both are concerned, as are several others of their age-group, with the energy of colour. Tonkin's paintings, with titles like *Flurry* and *Commotion,* have an underwater feeling — underwater, that's to say, from the colour camera's rather than the drowning man's point of view. They make rather more show of energy than they actually possess, but behind the lashing whorls of paint there are more slow-moving reserves of strength. Dellow works outwards from a shapeless shape at the centre into radiant clouds of colour which, without quite making one's head spin, suggest that the hard square canvas has lost its edge. The effect is gentle, absorbed, contemplative — a pipe-dream not an explosion — but at the same time concentrated, condensed, as if more might be about to happen.

The paintings at the Hayward are not and don't set out to be evidence of a new movement. They are yet another section through British art, chosen this time by a deeply committed painter instead of a committee. What comes across is a new sense of gathering force, a coherence not so much of style as of belief in painting for its own sake, instead of as a means of snook-cocking or playing to the gallery. Abstract Expressionism, the last great art-historical movement, is being thrown from hand to hand and will almost certainly come to pieces in the process. Soon it will be as antique as Cubism. This show has more the air of a prologue than a provincial aftermath.

Theatre—2

Paul Allen

Winners

The Wiz by WILLIAM F. BROWN and CHARLIE SMALLS *Crucible Theatre, Sheffield*
If Winter Comes . . . by JANOS NYIRI *Haymarket Studio, Leicester*

The all-black version of *The Wizard of Oz* is a reminder that the American musical, like the British pantomime, can easily become a vehicle for fairy-tale plotting, blandly encouraging sentiment and a series of set-pieces designed to display whatever resources you happen to have most of. That said, the set-pieces and the resources on display in Peter James's sensationally lavish production of *The Wiz* are good enough to remind you how unprofitable it is to be cynical about such a show. *The Wiz* is not a great musical but it's a winner.

The keynote song is 'Believe in Yourself', a lilting ballad with the message that cowardly lions can be brave, scarecrows have brains and tin men have hearts if they only believe it to be the case. It has been said that in front of an American black audience this has an extra resonance, turning into a sort of hymn to black consciousness. I wish it were so, but the words are so unspecific that the song could just as easily come from *The Sound of Music,* where its role is in fact filled by 'Climb Every Mountain'.

It owes quite as much to Broadway as to Harlem, until it comes to the music. The lion, played with cool panache by Oscar James, has a running gag about seeing his psychiatrist, who is an owl. Does the owl have all the answers? 'Owls don't give answers,' he reflects wryly. 'They just ask questions.' It could come from one of Neil Simon's thinner scripts.

But the music is, as they say, something else. Its roots are in gospel rock and in addition to the hit number 'Ease on Down the Road' it has two or three other memorable songs, including an unexpectedly still and soulful closing ballad; and it provides a tremendously exciting power-drive for the show's visual spectacle. Rarely, if ever, can a

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regional theatre have successfully marshalled so much technological hardware or dazzling human skills.

Roger Glossop's sets, winched in on trolleys or arriving by fork-lift truck, are a constantly re-forming kaleidoscope of mainly steel constructions, and the Wizard's departure on a helicopter is just one of the show-stoppers. Deirdre Clancy's costumes are inventive as well as deliciously gaudy and Gillian Gregory's choreography, with its athletic leaps about the musical director's head, is fully integrated dramatically.

In the end, though, it is the quality of the individual performances that stop you caring about the show's lack of thematic development. Peter Straker's Wizard pushes the part to all the extremes of popular entertainment, alternately high camp and oozing macho sexuality, and revealing much more in the way of insight into the ambivalence of the Wiz's nature than the words suggest. It is a performance to remember, well complemented by the relaxed and relaxing comedy of Derek Griffiths as the Scarecrow and the natural acting ability and unnatural singing ability of Celena Duncan as Dorothy, a star in the making, surely. A fairy tale maybe, but a raunchy one.

There is a fairy-tale element to *If Winter Comes* . . . by Hungarian exile Janos Nyiri, at least in the sense that it depends on the prince (brilliant young student) falling in love with Cinderella (decadent sprig of the ancient regime) before he has even spoken to her. But the romance is only the coathanger on which Nyiri drapes a complicated but sympathetic argument about the position of an idealist in a totalitarian society.

It is that rare event, a critique of totalitarianism from a socialist standpoint, and the author works hard to be fair. His pivotal character is not the young lover but Moroi, an ageing, boozing, charismatic, vain actor who is also a Party notable and has been given the job of running a course for students — a mixture of drama and therapy — which will 'forge the communist soul'.

While the young students go about saying things like 'objectivity is a form of compromise' and generally sounding as though they are quoting Lenin even when meant to be speaking spontaneously, Moroi comes to life. In the end he has no message; maybe there is no place for the idealist in the sullen, grinding mills of the revolution — but he himself is staying on, yearning for the spring which can't be far behind. Or so he desperately hopes.

The younger characters are, however, crudely and inconsistently imagined stereotypes and the dialogue is often banal. Philip Madoc gives a beautifully modulated performance as Moroi but even he can't find a new way of saying: 'You are myself when young.' But the play acknowledges the importance of a subject the British theatre cannot normally bring itself to talk sensibly about; if the subject is only intermittently given theatrical life, it is no fault of Jan Sargent's thoughtful production.

Among this week's contributors:

SHULA MARKS is Reader in the History of Southern Africa at London University. Her publications include *Reluctant Rebellion.*

HILARY WAINWRIGHT is Research Fellow in the Department of Technology at the Open University and co-author of the *Workers Report on Vickers.*

Music

Andrew Clements

Only Connect

Tippett *Albert Hall/Radio 3, BBC1*

With those 20 lost Proms went much of the most interesting new music promised this year — performances of Birtwistle, Patterson, Cowie and Goehr — but mercifully the most important premiere was preserved. The London Symphony Orchestra commissioned Michael Tippett's Concerto for violin, viola and cello; the first performance was conducted by Colin Davis with Gyorgy Pauk, Nobuko Imai and Ralph Kirshbaum as the marvellously assured trio of soloists. Any concerted work for strings and orchestra immediately conjures up ideas of some kind of latter-day *concerto grosso,* in which the soloists play as a group and the contrasts between solo sonorities and full orchestra are exploited. Tippett himself used the form in his *Fantasia Concertante on a Theme of Corelli.* But this new triple concerto is really what it says it is: though some of its most moving and memorable moments are those in which the soloists move together in octaves or in complex polyphony, there is also a great deal of extravagant, virtuosic solo writing. A handful of hearings suggests that it is Tippett's most powerful and effective work since the third symphony of 1972, and possibly the most successful of all his orchestral pieces.

Like the recent fourth symphony and fourth string quartet, the concerto plays continuously. Like the fourth quartet also, it's less a single-movement piece than three independent movements linked together: a complex opening dialogue between soloists and orchestra, a meditative, song-like slow movement and a finale which ends with references back to the material of the first section. The connections are made by a pair of interludes, the first coloured by metallic percussion and celesta, recalling the 'magical' world of *The Midsummer Marriage* and the Piano Concerto, the second a snippet of scherzo with unpitched percussion and whirling brass, suggesting the music given to Mel and Dov in *The Knot Garden.* The scheme is more lucid than that of the fourth symphony, more memorably fleshed out than that of the fourth quartet. Like those works the concerto begins with a 'birth' motive, an orchestral theme which is to recur to articulate the first movement and again to begin the recollective coda, and the three soloists are then introduced individually, each one given a musical characterisation that it retains through the work: the violin tending to elaborate bravura figuration, the cello to sustained rhapsoding, the viola to highly expressive, introverted playing. But the first time the three soloists are heard together it is to recall a passage towards the end of the fourth quartet, a passage that apparently was the starting point for the concerto: three highly lyrical, independent lines with the violin and cello at the top of their respective ranges while the viola supplies a gently rocking foundation.

Lyricism indeed dominates the concerto. In much of Tippett's output the moments of sweetest reflection are the most memorable, the harder edges less effective, though often exciting enough. Thus although there are the blocks of aggressive brass writing familiar from the third and fourth symphonies, and a wonderfully strange, dark-hued paragraph of rustling pizzicato strings and bell sounds which closes both halves of the first movement and also moves the finale towards its coda, much of the work stretches out on long-limbed melodies, clothed in the most imaginative and adventurous orchestration of any of Tippett's works. Apart from a huge battery of percussion, there is a preference for lower-pitched woodwind, spotlighted in the dialogues between each of the soloists and the orchestra in the slow movement. The cello is accompanied first by a pair of brass clarinets and later a bass oboe, the violin by alto-flute arabesques, the viola by two horns; these episodes separate the statements of the main theme, unadorned and in elaborate decoration, which in turn are coloured by a set of gongs, the legacy of Tippett's visit to Java in the mid-seventies. The presentation of this main theme, brilliantly stage-managed, is the core of the work. Its first appearance, after a tiny *Pelléas*-like introduction, recalls a similar visionary moment in the *Corelli Fantasia;* it is as authentically magical as anything Tippett has written.

If the concerto has a disappointment it is that the finale, though bringing the work full circle and re-establishing that fragment of the fourth quartet as its germ, fails to make an impression on its own account. It begins with a slow introduction, and promises to build a large-scale movement out of some muscular string lines and exchanges between the soloists, but in mid-stream the first-movement material returns, the themes are recollected and the concerto ends in a stutter of percussion. In comparison with the first two movements, both of which seem perfectly proportioned, it is short-winded; it remains however a small blemish in an otherwise splendid and quite treasurable concerto.

Weekend Competition

No 2634 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Struwelpeter illustrates the horrors that awaited 19th-century children who refused their soup. New rhymes, please, which revea the horrors which will befall children who fai GCEs, become mods or skinheads, suppor Labour, etc. Up to 16 lines by 26 September.

No 2631 **Set by Sue de Nimn**

Updates of 'January Brings the Snow'.

Report **By Dan Drougl**

I know Ms de Nimm described it as 'Christin Rossetti's "January Brings the Snow"', bu this did not justify the smart little postscript which attached themselves to so many of you entries. The real author may well have bee Sara Coleridge; it may have been Pam Ayre or Emily Dickinson for all I know. The Con plex rule is as unchanging as our cantee menu: *we stand by our setters.* Public war ings to Messrs Hetherington, Hamill, Swee

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man and Greenwell; any more griping from you four will instantly exclude you from the list of possible recipients of autumn largesse. The rest of you acquitted yourselves well. Eight crisp ones apiece.

Jan	icy
Feb	dicey
Mar	coolish
Apr	foolish
May	clouts
June	doubts
July	hot
Aug	not
Sept	better
Oct	wetter
Nov	bang!
Dec	*fin*

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

January, join as Jesus freak;
February, punched while turning cheek;
March, shave head, fall in with skins;
April, Arsenal-Spurs, break shins;
May, go greaser, Brylcreem hair;
June, crash bike, intensive care;
July, buy chains, dye hair, go punk;
August, nose pierced, smell like skunk;
September, Hare Krishna Hare;
October, joss-sticks burn my sari;
November, drink gin, dress like spiv;
December, Young Conservative. GILL BREENLEW

January brings the pay claim
February employer's offer
March reiterates the same
April leads to getting tougher
May brings out the early picket
June is talk of arbitration
(July is taken up with cricket
August finds us on vacation)
September makes *The Sun* offensive
October starts to grasp the nettle
November and we're less defensive
December: STRIKING WORKERS SETTLE.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

January I junked Reagan,
February I stopped meat,
In March I made myself a vegan,
April I refused to eat,
May came and I gave up smokes,
In June I paid to God his dues,
July I abjured Irish jokes,
In August I foreswore all booze,
September I renounced all money,
October made of nails my bed,
November, jogging, I felt funny,
December, dropped down stone cold dead.

WILL BELLENGER

Tony Miles

Chess

No 197 **Candidates' Semi-finals**

Both candidates' semi-finals are now over and the match to decide the next challenger to Karpov will be between the West German GM Robert Hübner and the inevitable Viktor Korchnoy.

The Hübner-Portisch clash was a dour affair. The first eight games were drawn but in the ninth Hübner took the lead. As has often been the case on previous occasions Portisch seems much more vulnerable in matches than in tournaments. The solitary defeat cracked his nerve and he lost the tenth game as well. A draw in the eleventh game was sufficient to see Hübner through 6½-4½.

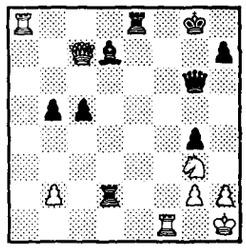
Korchnoy-Polugaevski was an altogether more exciting affair. As I wrote in an earlier column, incompetent Soviet analysis gave Korchnoy the lead in game four, but two later Polu equalised. In the eighth Korchnoy took the lead again. The next three were all drawn so Korchnoy just needed to avoid losing the twelfth to take the match. Polu took the statutory 'time-out' reserved for such occasions and his analysts went to work on the opening. Remarkably they found an idea and it worked. Polu won a sensational game (below) to force extra time at 6-6. However, as most of the world's leading players have learned, you can't keep Korchnoy down for long. In the thirteenth he was back to normal and the game was adjourned in a favourable position. This put immense pressure on Polugaevski — obviously he had to go all out to win the fourteenth lest he fail to hold the adjournment. So, of course, the reverse happened. In his anxiety Polu overdid it and lost the fourteenth so Korchnoy conceded the draw in the thirteenth to take the match 7½-6½. Regular readers will have noticed that my crystal ball has not been completely reliable. I was surprised at the difficulty Korchnoy had in overcoming Polugaevski, and even more so at Hübner's success. My appraisal of Hübner stems simply from personal experience. In our many encounters I have never felt in any trouble and am quite confident tha I could win a match against him. Clearly at the moment he is highly motivated and at the top of his form and equally clearly Korchnoy is not the destructive force he was three years ago. However, I have to stick to my prediction that Korchnoy will win. You see if Hübner wins I am going to start believing that I can be World Champion — and that has never seemed a reliable proposition to me!

White: L. Polugaevski **Black: V. Korchnoy**

1.N-KB3, N-KB3; 2.P-B4, P-QN3; 3.P-KN3, P-K3; 4.B-N2, B-N2; 5.0-0, B-K2; 6.P-Q4, 0-0; 7.P-Q5, PxP; 8.N-R4!? The innovation 8.N-Q4 was the old mate. **8 . . . P-B3; 9.PxP, NxP; 10.N-B5, B-B4; 11.P-K4, N-K2; 12.NxP! KxN; 13.P-QN4, BxP; 14.Q-Q4ch, P-B3; 15.QxB, P-QB4; 16.-Q-Q2, QN-B3; 17.B-N2, B-R3; 18.R-Q1, N-K4; 19.N-R3, N(2)-B3; 20.Q-K3, Q-K2; 21.P-B4, N-B5; 22.NxN, BxN; 23.P-K5, PxP; 24.BxN, PxB; 25.R-Q7! QxR; 26.QxPch, K-B2; 27.Q-B6ch, K-N1; 28.Q-N5ch, K-B2; 29.R-K1! Q-K3; 30.Q-N7ch, K-K1; 31.RxQch, BxR; 32.B-B6, B-B2; 33.B-N5, K-Q2; 34.B-R6, P-B5; 35.QxP, P-B4; 36.BxR, RxB; 37.Q-N7, K-K2; 38.Q-K5ch, K-Q2; 39.P-N4, R-K1; 40.Q-B6, B-Q4; 41.P-N5, R-K7; 42.P-KR4, P-N4; 43.Q-B5ch, K-Q3; 44.Q-B8ch, K-B3; 45.Q-B8ch, K-Q3; 46.Q-Q8ch, K-B3; 47.Q-R8ch, K-Q3; 48.Q-B8ch, K-B3; 49.P-R3, R-K6; 50.P-5, P-B6; 51.Q-B6ch, B-K3; 52.K-B2, P-B7; 53.Q-N2, R-R6; 54.K-N2, B-B4; 55.Q-B6ch, K-B2; 56.QxB, P-B8 = Q; 57.Q-K5ch, K-N3; 58.KxR, P-N5; 59.PxP, PxP; 60.P-R6, Q-R8ch; 61.K-N4, Q-Q8ch; 62.K-B5, Q-B7ch; 63.K-B6, P-N3; 64.P-R7, QxP; 65.Q-K3ch, K-B3; 66.QxP, Q-R1ch; 67.K-K7, Q-R5; 68.Q-B4ch, K-N3; 69.Q-N4ch, K-B3; 70.Q-K4ch, K-N4; 71.K-B7, P-R4; 72.P-N6, Q-N5; 73.Q-K5ch. Resigns.**

Problem 197

White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 24 September.

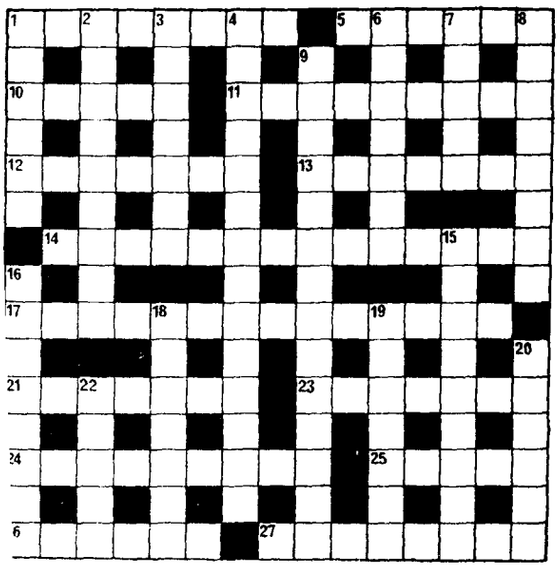


Solution to problem 195

What is happening? Well, I'm not absolutely sure but Black must continue with the aggressive 1 . . . QR-KN1!! Remarkably, this deals with all White's threats:- (a) 2.QxP. R-N3 with R-R3 to follow; (b) 2.BxRP, RxP!! 3.KxR, R-N1ch; 4.K-R3, Q-B5; 5.Q-R5 (only move), B-N8!! 6.Q-B7ch, KxB; 7.QxR, Q-R7mate and (c) the game 2.P-N3, P-KR4, 3.KxB, P-R5; 4.K-N1, PxP; 5.PxP, RxPch! 6.BxR. QxBch; 7.Q-N2, Q-K6ch and Black won.

Weekend Crossword 1356

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1356, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 23 September.



ACROSS

1 In the retreat the defender precedes one who needs protection (8)
5 Eat outside the building since it is closed (4,2)
10 Habit of custodian who has lost the war (5)
11 Trash I can stir up as a revolutionary (9)
12 Calling out in hypocrisy about a strike (7)
13 Turn again from soldiers and sailors (7)
14 Alleged shortage of food after World War 1? (14)
17 Following his father King George is outside the country on foreign travels (14)
21 The first person in Germany is held by others to be the wealthiest (7)
23 Dancer on tour? (7)
24 Friar in nomadic disguise (9)
25 Novelist who is almost at home (5)
26 Provides food but reacts wrongly (6)
27 A footnote makes a difference to books (8)

DOWN

1 Garment covers most of the person before it is something frozen (6)
2 Hear Clive turn into Maurice (9)
3 We hold a male to be a dead loss (7)
4 Give a warning to disperse when turning to ride that race (4,3,4,3)
6 It can be used cuttingly although it is a hackneyed proverb (7)
7 One who makes an effort for a city (5)
8 Changing what pays for courses (8)
9 'Run, rabbit, run' might be the great man's signature tune (6,8)
15 Money for almost new writer in French town (9)
16 Irregular and unusual aid in getting up harvest (8)
18 One who is inclined to gravity is a collector (7)
19 The tail in one transformed into the beginning (7)
20 Tops a century with ease (6)
22 Heavenly body takes me into bed (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to S33

S	O	R	C	E	R	E	R	F	A	T	E			
A	L	U	T	W	O	Q	U	A	R	R	Y			
L	I	P	L	E	S	S	D	I	N	I	A			
O	V	E	R	B	Y	A	D	R	E	A	D			
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Y	U	M	Y	U	M	M	E	G	D	E	C			
H	E	B	E	P	I	N	A	F	O	R	E			

Prizewinners to S33

A. Hall (Goring-by-Sea)
R. N. Johnson (Perth)
Joseph P. Woods (Prestwick)

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APPOINTMENTS

PROJECT DIRECTOR
(SOCIAL/COMMUNITY WORK)
Riverside Child Health Project

£6,636-£7,722 **Newcastle-Upon-Tyne**

The Riverside Child Health Project is a unique attempt by Newcastle Area Health Authority and the University of Newcastle's Child Health Department, to improve health and welfare services for children and families in Newcastle.

The Save the Children now propose to extend the project and are seeking a Project Director to be responsible for developing social and community work schemes in association with the project. He/She will work as part of a team, several other members of which are medical personnel.

Applicants should be qualified and experienced in social and or community work and have a reasonable knowledge of the health service.

Informal enquiries and application forms from:
Neil Jameson, Save the Children, 157 Clapham Road, London, SW9 0PT. Tel: 582 1414.

Save the Children

OXFAM

Oxfam requires urgently, more **DOCTORS** for a 1-2 year contract in Zimbabwe to supplement our present team. Work will involve Community Health in rural areas with a strong emphasis in Child Health.

Please send personal details as soon as possible to:
Personnel Department, Oxfam, 274 Banbury Road, Oxford. OX2 7DZ.
Quoting reference NS/DZ.

UK IMMIGRANTS ADVISORY SERVICE
has vacancies for
TWO IMMIGRATION COUNSELLORS

one at its Birmingham office and one at its Southampton office. Candidates should have legal qualifications and a knowledge of Bengali would be an asset for the Birmingham post. Age preferably under 40. Salary scale £5,268 to £7,077 per annum. Application form and further details from
Deputy Director (Administration), UKIAS, 7th Floor, Brettenham House, Savoy Street, London WC2E 7EN.
Interviews will be held in London.

Christian Aid
requires
AN ASSISTANT
to the
Project Officers for Africa

to start by January 1981. Candidates should have good administrative ability and an interest in Third World development preferably gained from living or working in Africa. Proficiency in written and spoken French essential. Starting salary £4,735 p.a.

Details from, and applications (giving daytime tel. no) with full c.v., naming 2 referees to:
Executive Secretary, Christian Aid, P.O. Box No. 1., London SW9 8BH.
Closing date for applications **14 October.**

GMWU
require a
Research Assistant

to work in the research department with National Industrial Officers. Experience in union organisation a distinct advantage. Qualifications in industrial relations or related matters desirable. Starting salary £6,232 per annum. Reply with full career details by 25 Sept. to: **Larry Whitty, Research Officer, General & Municipal Workers Union, Thorne House, Ruxley Ridge, Claygate, Esher, Surrey.**

Appointment Wanted

COMMUNITY ARTS. Active graduate, 36, f., artist, poet, musician; experienced teaching, playpark and arts centre, seeks work. Write Joy Rutherford, 44 Stretton Avenue, Cambridge.

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ENGLISH MA will type theses, MSS, languages etc. accurately. 01-226 1405.

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Holidays/ Travel

FRANCE, ITALY. Professor's comf. cottages avail. 6 months + to helpful 'caretaking' tenants (Refs). Heymans, Rue de l'Ancienne Gendarmerie 24560 Issigeac, Dordogne.

LATIN AMERICA. 5 low cost holiday journeys 3/4/5 wks. Broch: Journey Latin America Ltd, 1C Barley Mow Passage, London W4. 01-994 6477.

MID TERM BREAK in Moscow and Leningrad, 2E Oct.-1 Nov., £188. Price includes, flight, full board programme, with special visits for those interestec in Soviet Education. Progressive Tours, 1 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2 2BS. 01-26 1676.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low a fares to world-wide destinations incl. Africa, SH 313A Hoe Street, London E17. Tel. 01-520 7911.

WELSH HILLS, Superb situation, all comforts, D b. + b., £47 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, N Wales. Llanrwst 640566.

ECUADOR
Coordinator

needed to administer the existing development programme involving the placing of skilled personnel in small-scale community-based projects and to investigate and evaluate further projects. Previous South American experience, community work experience in the U.K. and involvement in development work either in the U.K. or in the Third World important. Applicants wishing to work on a job sharing basis are welcome to apply. Minimum two year contract. Pre-departure and resettlement grants. Insurance cover. The salary which is related to local rates is low. Intensive language training.
Write to **CIIR Overseas Section, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1. 01-487 4397** sending full details of your previous experience. Please quote Ref. NS3.

Assistant

required a.s.a.p. for busy
CHURCH PRESS OFFICE
(9.30 a.m. – 5.00 p.m. Mon-Fri).
Good typing and interest in social issues essential. Salary c. £4,000.
Tel: 01-222-8530 or write:
Mrs M. Nixon, 1 Central Buildings London SW1H 9NH.

OV SELECTIONS CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Mrs Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), 92 Brompton Road (opp. Harrods), SW3 1EH. 01-589 0590.

PART-TIME SHORTHAND TYPIST required for small university research institute. Hours by arrangement. Some work could be done at home. Apply Margaret Beard, Institute of Commonwealth Studies, 27 Russell Square, WC1B 5DS. 01-580 5876.

Administrative Secretary

required for
Latin America/Caribbean section of Overseas Aid Dept, at Christian Aid.

Absorbing job for someone intereted in Third World aid and development: involves preparation of documents, taking minutes, office administration. Proficiency in Spanish required and Portuguese an advantage: typing ability essential. Salary £4,000 p.a. with annual increments.

Details and application form from:
Office Manager, Christian Aid, P.O. Box No. 1, London SW9 8BH
Closing date for completed applications **26 September.**

XMAS TRAVEL BARGAINS

Algeria & The Saharan Oases, 20 Dec – 2 Jan . . . £160
Athens & Corinth, 20 Dec – 2 Jan . . . £139
Rome, Florence, Pisa, 20-28 Dec . . . £100
Venice, Verona & Lake Garda, 20 Dec – 2 Jan . . . £90
Leningrad (October Revolution Celebrations), 1-12 Nov . . . £125
1981 Leningrad Cruise from Tilbury, 22-31 May . . . £197 (calling at Gdansk & Rostock)

Write or phone:
YORKSHIRE TOURS, 49 Thornton Lodge Rd, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ. 0484 24269.

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ATTRACTIVE, intelligent, Anglo-American woman, mid-forties, would like to meet a well travelled, well-educated and unattached man, who can laugh at life's absurdities. Box 9364.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, slim, 5' 7", brunette, 52, no ties, London, not 'liberated' type, seeks straightforward educated gentleman also valuing old-fashioned ways, for sharing future/resources, friendship/marriage; normal interests; decent home-life; no objection family; UK or overseas. If gentleman is sincerely seeking partner he will understand difficulty of meeting nice people in busy life. Replies acknowledged; absolute confidence. Box 9391.

CULTURED WOMAN, sensitive, 5' 8", slim, good looking, interested art, ideas, country walking, seeks male companion, 45-60 to share interests. London. Box 9377.

COUNTRY LOVER but London resident, attractive, tall, slim, brunette, aged 45 and divorced, would like to meet compatible, professional man or farmer. Box 9331.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm and lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DESIGNER, early 40s, sane, humorous would like to hear from att active man, between 35 & 50, who shares her indifference to ballet, opera and football. Box 9390.

DIVORCEE, 42, attractive, wishes to meet just one, tall, sincere, well educated gentleman, for sincere relationship. Ints include swimming, reading, music and good conversation. Box 9389.

FEMALE, young looking 35 year-old, interested art, theatre, open air. Recently moved to Brighton, but finding social life very quiet. Please write: Box 9374.

FEMININE, youthful widow of prof. man, 60s living London. Slim, fair, 5' 2", considered attractive, would like to meet unattached gentleman, 5' 8", dependable, congenial, kind. Share/care rest of the way. Tel. no. Box 9323.

HAPPY, independent, attractive woman 40, with son 12, would like male friend for visits to cinema, theatre etc. Pref. 30-40, who appreciates sport, films, humour. Box 9333.

IS THERE OUT THERE, any location, a man 40-50, to whom trusty, warm, caring, zestful, sense of ridiculous type woman would appeal? Please reply if you would like friendship/marriage, to mutually warm the cockles of our hearts. Box 9375.

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING I want, except for a nice, kind, thinking, big man to share it all with. Me, I'm told I can look smashing (on a good day), but I'll tell you more if you have the courage to send your address. Box 9332.

INTELLECTUALLY INCLINED LADY, youthful 40s, good appearance, adventurous spirit, inquiring mind, sensitive, stable, appreciative, keen traveller, music/opera, country, wildlife, sea/mountains, animal lover. Enjoys sports/walking, good conversation, world events, social justice, history, humour, literature, films etc., seeks unattached, kindred spirit, gentle, non-sexist man to share interests. Box 9378.

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KENNEDY MATRIMONIAL BUREAU
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Brent Street, NW4
01-202 7926

LAWYER, 49, seeks girl for wining, dining and a full relationship. Kensington. Box 9359.

LONDON is there a well-bred, unattached, attractive man somewhere? Enquiry from similar woman (44), tired of modern manikins. Box 9392.

LOW-COST PSYCHOTHERAPY with Arbours Association trainees. Please phone 267 0304 for further information, or write to Arbours Association, 55 Dartmouth Park Road, NW5.

NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. Details from: The Centre Party, 83 Donnington Ct, Donnington Rd, London NW10 3TJ.

NOTHING IS GOOD OR FAIR ALONE. Everybody is somebody's ideal partner. You may be the answer to one of our clients' prayers. Write or phone London's premier intro service for unattached, professional people. 'Status', 88 Marylebone High St. London W1. 286 2128 (24 hrs).

NEXUS MEMBERS don't need to place or answer ads from personal columns (they even have quite a social life going?). For info. phone 01-359 7656/6703, 041-221 1090, 061-834 8964, 0272 44365.

PIANO TUNING, Defective notes, pedals repaired. Denys Parsons MSc. 01-340 4695.

POLYTECHNIC LECTURER, single, seeks membership Housing Association/Co-op ca 60 mile radius London (or small private property 20 mile radius London). Box 9306.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, tall, divorced, wide interests: music, arts, travel, invites a sensitive, feminine lady in her 30s to join him in that extra special long-term relationship. Let me make your Autumn memorable. Box 9398.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 40s, broken marriage, slim, considered attractive, cultured, lively, would like to meet tall, cultured, prof. man, youthful early 50s. Box 9387.

TEACHER, 62, active, non-smoker, wide interests, no ties, seeks slim, warm-hearted woman (48-58), for companionship initially. Midlands. Box 9356.

THE JANE AUSTEN BUREAU – Introductions in all age groups immediately available. Free details from Brosnan House, Darkes Lane, Potters Bar, or call 44661

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WARM, natural woman, keen sense humour, music lover, wide interests, young forties, lots to give, unashamedly seeks wealthy, unattached compatible man, 38-50ish, for hopefully ongoing honest, caring, full-blooded relationship. Box 9386.

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YOUTHFUL AFFECTIONATE widow, mid 50s, life loving and sense of humour, pretty Sussex house. Ints include theatre, music, countryside, travel. Seeks companionship of cultivated, considerate, unattached man for sharing, stable relationship. Box 9410.

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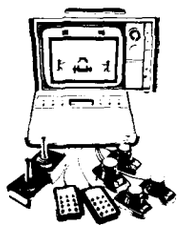

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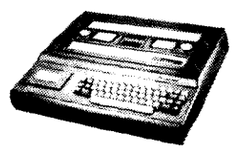

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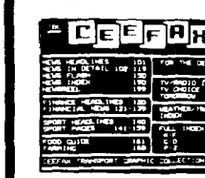

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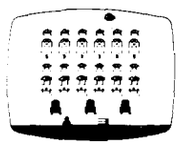

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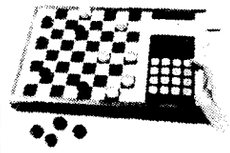

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Rank And File Mobilising Committee For Labour Democracy Rallies

LONDON: Monday 15 September, 7.30, Camden Town Hall. Speakers: Tony Benn, Eric Heffer, Bob Wright, Frances Morrell, admission 50p, (20p unwaged).

MANCHESTER: Wednesday 17 September, 7.30, Houldsworth Hall, Deansgate. Speakers: Tony Benn, Michael Meacher, Audrey Wise, John Bloxam, Bob Wright.

BIRMINGHAM: Monday 22 September, 7.15, Digbeth Civic Hall. Speakers Tony Benn, Bob Wright, Les Huckfield and speaker from the Mobilising Committee (jointly organised with West Midlands Trade Union Committee for Labour Democracy).

Also rallies in Bristol, Coventry, Haringey, Leicester, Newcastle, Nottingham, Sheffield and Southampton.

Workers Revolutionary Party Memorial meeting

for playwright

DAVID MERCER 1928-1980

Friday 12 September, 8 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square WC1.

Speakers: **Vanessa Redgrave (Central Cttee) Roger Smith (WRP member & playwright).**

Tickets 50p *Available at door.*

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SOUTH AMERICA

ICA GALLERY
Opens 17 September
HUNTING THE PIG PEOPLE
Indians, Missionaries and The Promised Land.
An exhibition of photographs by Luke Holland, plus accompanying series of talks 16 Sept-2 Oct. See New Statesman 'Meetings' for the weekly details

ICA CINEMA
19 Sept-1Oct. 4.30 p.m. and 6.45 p.m.
CHUQUIAGO
Directed by Antonio Eguino, Bolivia 1977, plus
EL SALVADOR – REVOLUTION OR DEATH
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Two concerts of Latin American Music.

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The Changing Face Of Television

A Television Day Event at The Phoenix Arts Centre 6 Newarke Street, Leicester
10.30 a.m. – 4.00 p.m. Saturday 27 September 1980

An event looking at the new Fourth Channel, the ITV franchises, breakfast TV and other developments within television today. *Tickets £1.*

Tickets and further details available from:
Malcolm Allen, Film Officer
East Midlands Arts, Mountfields House, Forest Road, Loughborough, Leics LE11 3HU.
Telephone: (0509) 218292.

EAST MIDLANDS ARTS

Theatres

JOHN ARDEN & MARGARETTA D'ARCY
present
'The Menace of Ireland..?'
readings from a selection of plays to illustrate the history of Anglo-Irish relations since the Seventeenth Century. Saturday 20 September 1.05 p.m. The Royal Exchange Theatre, St Ann's Square, Manchester. Adm 75p.

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking. info 836 5332. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). 'Othello' 'Sinden's performance is a great one' E. Standard and 'Twelfth Night' Cherie Lunghi is a magical *Viola' Gdn. RSC also at The Warehouse in Brecht's* 'Baal' 'Brimming with energy, inventiveness and passion' E. Standard and Nikolai Erdman's 'The Suicide' 'Highly entertaining farce, with an electrifying central performance from Roger Rees' Time Out. RSC also at the Piccadilly Theatre in Willy Russell's *'hilarious' 'Educating Rita*

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Writer's Cramp' by John Byrne. 'Wonderfully funny', FT. *'Splendid improbable spoof', D. Mail. Mon.-Sat 8* p.m. Sat. mat. 4.30.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. Olivier (open stage): 'Amadeus', *'Galileo', 'Othello'.* Lyttelton (proscenium stage): 'Watch on the Rhine'. Cottesloe: (small auditorium): 'Line 'Em'. See daily press for *dates & times or ring recorded information* 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616. cc 261 1821. 'S'. Bryan Marshall & Timothy West in 'Lancelot and Guinevere'. Ring for details.

THEATREGOERS – please note: cc – credit cards; S-Student standby.

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SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'Maitresse' for members only. M'ship 20p. Allow 24 hrs approval.

Meetings

A RADICAL AGENDA FOR LONDON. Fabian Meeting on Proposals for the GLC election. Andrew McIntosh (Labour GLC Leader), Sir Ashley Bramall, Jim Daly and others. 7.30 Wednesday 17 September. County Hall, SE1. All welcome.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Frank Dobson MP speaking on Town and Country Common Problems. Wed. 17 Sept. 7.30 p.m. at Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, London WC1. All welcome. Contact: Helen Price 01-870 2233 (business hours).

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 16 Sept. 7.30 The New Tribes Mission In Paraguay – Luke Holland's slides plus discussion; 17 Sept. 7.30 The Inside Story – Robin Denselow joins musicians to discuss the way forward for the Rock business; 18 Sept. 7.30 Dr Carmen Lara Castro, President of the Paraguay Commission For Human Rights, discusses Human Rights in Paraguay. Tkts £1.00. 01-930 3647.

NO CRUISE MISSILES. Demonstration Sun. 21 Sept. March 1 p.m. from Newbury. Rally 3 p.m. Greenham Common. Coach from London £3. *Details Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.* 242 0362 (day), 485 4609 (eve.).

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S. a. e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. Wed. 17 Sept. 8 p.m. Informal Q.A Meeting: 'Reincarnation and Karma'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

Courses

AFRICA CENTRE evening classes in African Literature, African Dance, Black Studies, Africa – Women's Studies, Arabic and Swahili, from week beginning 15 September. Further details from Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. Tel. 836 1973.

FILM MAKING. Prof. offers group or indiv. tui tion, in 16mm film production. 278 7263.

FRENCH INSTITUTE EVENING CLASS IN

Translation (translation and discussion of press articles concerning current events) every Wednesday evening 6.30-8.30 p.m. £35 for 16 weeks. Standard of 'A' Level French required; Registration 15 to 26 Sept. Course commences 8 October.

Details:
14 Cromwell Place, SW7 2JR.
(s.a.e.)
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